

Mevlânâ
Celâleddîn
Rumi

Dîvân-i Kebîr
Volume 16

translated by
Nevit O. Erġin

Dîvân-i Kebîr

Bahr-i Hezec Sâlim

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Mevlânâ Celâleddîn Rumi



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Mevsânâ Celâleddîn Rûmî

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Dîvân-i Kebîr

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Introduction

Humanity is currently stepping on the two-thousand-year mark, bringing with it thousands of years of suffering. After all these years, humans long for peace, love and tolerance. Yet, wars and conflicts still continue in various parts all over the world.

While searching to solve the mysteries of space, human beings are unable to understand the secrets of peace and happiness. Man never learns his lessons of the past and because of this, he repeats the same mistakes.

Humanity needs to open a new chapter in this new millennium, no longer carrying its animosities, ugliness, and evils to the lives of our children and grandchildren.

For seven hundred years, Mevlana, a great Turkish thinker and Sultan of Heart, has been calling humanity constantly to love, friendship, and peace. He teaches us that the primary requisite for tolerance is to see people as human beings and not notice their race, religion or sect. The essence of Mevlana's philosophy is based on this kind of human love.

Reading Mevlana will help reawaken the feelings of love and tolerance within each of us. An aspiration for a world filled with peace, brotherhood, and friendship in our hearts will be more attainable with Mevlana's love.

M. Istemihan Talay
Minister of Culture
Republic of Turkey

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the Turkish Ministry of Culture
for their continuing support.

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for their great support.

archegos

Translator's Note

Rumi is like the sky, an infinitely large umbrella
covering all we have and beyond.

Keep looking for me everywhere,
Whatever you want, ask it from me.
There is not one road on which
I cannot show you the way.

Divan, Bahr-i Munsarih
Gazel 1, Verse 16

His voice is the most comforting thing during these
difficult times:

There are so many thousands of stages
From dirt to man.
I have led you from one to the next.
Don't worry, I won't leave you at this
corner.

Divan, Hezec Mahbun Maviyy
Gazel 9, verse 114

This world would be better if schools had a place for
him and hearts and minds had a few verses from
him.

Since we see others,
We are not one anymore.
We become all numbers.
When we understand good and bad,
All become bad.
The heart which hasn't gone beyond
Will always be under the feet.

Divan, Rubai

Nevit O. Ergin



Leather binding of *Divân-i Kebîr* (c.1368)
registered at the Mevlânâ Museum in Konya.

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Mefâilün Mefâilün
Mefâilün Mefâilün

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103.

Verse 1200

The enemy of my patience, my repentance,
Met me on the street today,
Gave me compliments like sultans.

He picked up the glass like a drunk.
There were hundreds of deceits
And coyness in that glass.
He offered it to me, saying,
“Would you like to drink wine?”

That glass was as bright as Moses’ face,
Auspicious like Mount Sinai.
It shown like Yed-i Beyzal¹
And gave relief like Imran.²

Come and pick up this bright,
Clear sign board from Moses.
Don’t get in front like the pharaoh.
Don’t be obstinate like Haman.³

I said to him,
“O Moses, what do you have in your hand?”
He answered, “One moment this becomes a staff,
The next, a dragon.”

Hundreds of shapes
Manifest different colors from every particle.
Whatever Abu-Harayra⁴ needs
Is there in the basket.

I have control of those shapes.
I change poisonous water to medicine,
Difficult to easy.

Sometimes I reflect on the sea.
I raise dust from the sea.
Sometimes I hit a stone.
The fountain of life gushes from that stone.⁵

Sometimes I change pure, clear Nile water
To the blood of the enemy.
I show dirt and stone to people as ruby and coral.

I am a worm to the eye of the envious,
Joseph to Jacob.
I am Abu Cehl⁶ to the ignorant.
To the ones who know and recognize God,
Mohammed.

The beautiful smell of rose water
Is like poison to the dung beetle.
Sugar is harmful to the person
Who has diabetes and jaundice.

The ones who are wishing
Look the same from outside,
But in reality, they are the opposite.
This depends on what they wish.
One's place is at the bottom of the bottom.
The other's is above the star of Saturn.

Just like a child and an old man
Walking on the road,
In appearance they are company for each other.
Yet, in reality, one grows day by day.
The other is departing from life with every breath.

This is not a glass of poison or a cup of sugar.
It is neither cast nor witchcraft.
This time and fate will turn your head constantly.

This world is standing still,
But you see it turning.
If someone is dizzy,
He will see the house turning.

If you feel secure and comfortable in one place,
That is actually the stage of fear.
If you tremble in the other place,
Make sure that it is the place of security.

You are wrong,
A liar such that you see everything backwards.
When you ask advice from a woman,
Do just the opposite, O ignorant one.⁷

Woman is such a creature that color and smell
Become a way of life;
Become Kible for her.
In fact, woman's intentions are all Nefs'i Emmore.⁸

The advice of one who is close to the heart
Resembles the humming of bees.
They give sweetness to lips from mouth to mind.

What an incomprehensive,
Understandable thing she is,
What a stranger that is, whose heart is with us.
What sourness that is
That is better than sweetness.
What blasphemy that is that is better than faith.

Be silent so the tongue
Becomes a doorkeeper for words.
But when heart starts talking without words,
He will sit at the best corner,
Will become the sultan.

Come, O Shems of Tebriz,
Shine and rise on signs of heart.
You are the sun of truth,
Not this sun whose head is always dizzy.



104.

Verse 1222

If my beloved comes today,
Smiling like he did yesterday,
The sky will prostrate and fall to the ground.

O sober one who is fully awake,
Don't rush to kill me.
We already have come close to that place.
Treat me gently for even one moment.
Whoever has invented separation,
Ask and find this first.

I said, "O smiling heart, why are you so stern?
Your heart is like a blacksmith's anvil.
Watch this endless tear.
Turn around this floor.

I apologize to you, O my master.
Sorrow covers me all over.
You are the only one
Who could show some sympathy.
Don't make Satan laugh at me,
Don't make him rejoice.

He tells me,
"Why should I be sorry?"
"Why should I have a vagabond's heart?"
I am neither sick nor grieved
I don't pay much attention.

O one, who killed me, come.
Bring me back to life.
Come to visit me.
You are the one
Who has already covered all my sides.
Your superiority comes from your kindness.
Help me!

Don't do that, beloved.
Don't do it.
You are beautiful, you are wise.
Don't deprive us of your kindness, your generosity.
Don't do it, O my sultan.

What is my guilt
Besides my impatience for this work?
Don't turn your face away from me.
Forgive me, cover my guilt, be generous to me.

Perhaps his heart
Becomes caring and starts offering.
My God, increase his mercy,
Make the impossible possible.

We come to you, to you.
Let's get together.
You bring us back to life,
Give us a drink from your wine.
Be generous to our brothers and us.

If one intercessor tells you
That the helpless are dying,
Your heart doesn't accept any advice.
That is a pain that has no remedy.

I have jumped into the fire like a drunk.
I have made the fire my home
I have become used to it.
I have become friends with it.
Who else is a friend of fire?

When he sees me burning, he says,
"That's all show, or they are sparks, lightning."
When he watches my tears, he says,
"They are either tears or rain."

My friend, the time to die is coming close,
The time to pass away without heart and mind.
Don't turn your face away from me.
Don't destroy me.
Don't ruin me by forgetting.

He tells me that our troubles are better
Than every kind of sugar, every type of halva.
You either have epilepsy or love sickness.
Whoever has seen the one
Who complains about sugar?

That beauty who deceived the people
Says to me, "Love's trouble resembles sugar;
Its thorn is like narcissus.
O one who pretends all the time,
Why do you cry?

You gain treasures from my troubles.
You became a close friend to the rose garden
Because of my thorns.
Why do you prefer the way of deception?
I am the sultan of cheaters.

The wounds love opens will give relief to you.
The turbidity of love makes you pure and clean.
The coldness of love will warm you.
The fires of love are roses and reyhan."

Or, do you want to remove
The novices from our way?
Is that why you have become so stern,
Wailing and crying?

If you become rich, don't be greedy.
Give alms with love. Be generous.
The greediness of food is the worst greediness.
Donations and generosity are the best.

Don't be stingy at the gathering
Of love and drink.
It is possible that the Beloved
May become obstinate and do the same to you.

O cupbearer, offer more and more.
"Don't knock our heads in order to get more."¹⁰
Bring another round. Make us drunk.
Joy and pleasure come with drunkenness.

When you drink that wine
Which has a beautiful bouquet,
Give some to friends.
Quit being so greedy and bad-mannered.
Don't drink anywhere but at this square.

Don't offer with small cups; offer with big ones.
O one whose fame is great,
Help us with great cups and big jars.

O my soul, leave that small glass,
Which you brought from the tavern alone.
Use the jug as a glass.
We came late and unexpectedly.

Our God honored us and kindly gave us water.
That big scale is such a nice cup.
Sorrow and worries are terrible.
They are like worms.

Bring that glass that has beautiful breath
And cuts the neck of grief.
Bring that confidant friend,
That hundreds of Khans become ground
Under His feet.

If you want me to live,
Be my cupbearer, O love.
Give my belongings to absence.
You are the debt,
And you are the one who gives the loan.

When the wine which was fermented in soul
Is poured into the glass of absence,
It will give immortal life, like endless love.

O cupbearer who makes us drunk,
Fill our cup with the wine
That consoles the heart with good news,
That cleanses and purifies us from hostility.

Give up deceit and cunning, O cupbearer.
Make all humanity immortal.
Because you are also pure,
And as clean as the wine in the jar.

While offering a cup of wine,
Lightning strikes the face of our cupbearer.
While we ascend,
He enlightens us with the light like Furkan.¹¹

What water is that,
That a hundred fires burst into flame inside of it?
It is such a color
That hundreds of colors shine inside of it.

It is such water that it burns and will be burned.
At the same time, it is valuable like silver money,
Full of Kantar batman.¹²
It has no number
And cannot be weighed with scales.

It is a wine like red gold,
But made by holy light, not grape.
It takes blindness out of eyes
And makes man fly toward Saturn.

When his wine annihilates you
And you pass out of yourself,
When he goes astray by drinking,
O friend, watch out for him and yourself.
Open some space to the one who is confused.

When wine changes him, he becomes exuberant,
Brings his proof with the words *I am God*
That fly from his mouth.
What greatness! What proof that is!



105.

Verse 1259

How do you know the regular of the tavern?
He is beyond the six dimensions.
That tavern has no beginning of the beginning.
Yet, you just arrived there.

The bird who is aware of himself
Cannot fly to the garden
Of the ones who lose themselves.
The one who became Mecnun to that Leyla
Is the one who became Leyla
For hundreds of Mecnuns.

There are thousands of assemblies on this side.
But this assembly is beyond them,
Because this assembly
At the land of timelessness and spacelessness,
Even beyond that world,
Is an assembly of absence.

Look at those lions.
They are trembling from death at that forest.
Because of the lion of death, they urinate blood.

There are so many of God's phoenixes.
They say their rosary with the words *I am God*,
But when they fly to that side,
Their arms and wings will be burned.

Mahmud, Vizir and the doorkeeper
All became slave and servant to Eyaz,¹³
Because everybody's head bends down
To the place on which he steps.

You are excused from your denial,
Because even Cuneyd, Sheyh Bistami,
Sakiyk, Kerhi and Zun-Nun¹⁴ became confused.

Because, O my soul,
There is no way to go to the sun
Except when the sun does a favor
And comes down to this valley and plain.

If Shems of Tebriz does a favor
And saves you from this denial, that's fine.
Otherwise, keep reading this gazel.
Blow this spell to yourself.



106.

Verse 1268

How did I know that this love
Would make me so insane,
Turn my heart to hell,
And my eyes into the river of Ceyhun?¹⁵

How did I know
That a torrent would snatch and carry me away,
Throw me to the middle
Of the endless sea of blood, like a ship?

Waves will wreck the ship into pieces of wood.
Every piece will sink to the bottom of the sea.

But there is an alligator that raises its head
And swallows the whole sea in one gulp.
That big endless sea
Will turn into a dry desert land.

Then that desert will chew up and swallow
The alligator that swallowed the sea like Kaarun.¹⁶

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Those changes took place.
Neither the desert nor the sea remains.
How did this happen?
How do I know or what has disappeared
In the land of the absolute?

There are so many explanations,
But I don't know.
I close my mouth because I swallowed
A handful of opium in that sea.



107.

Verse 1275

Who am I?

Who am I in front of my Moon-faced beauty?
When soul's son has risen,
What will happen that pregnant night?

When spring comes, what will happen
To that crying face of the thorn?
It will have color and smell,
But it won't be able to smile.

What will happen to the stone
On which the sun reflects?
It won't get out of that rocky field.
It won't become a shiny pearl.

A newborn lion cub
Is helpless in front of a cat,
But after it is nourished by lion's milk,
It becomes a lion that is the top of all lions.

You were a drop of sperm.
God developed you into a stage
That you now go beyond yourself.
You were like mercury, but you can become
A silver-bodied sultan with the help of God.

There is another self that is the sea;
This one is a drop.
One existence is a bit of gold;
The other one is the gold mine.

When God's self appears,
Our self goes away.
When God harvests the Moon,
The harvest of our existence
Will be completely burned out.

Soul was dressed in such a garment
That it had neither collar nor slit.
I held the skirt of soul.

If you want a dress
Made from the satin of meaning,
That burns the curse,
Strikes lightning and sparkles,
Undress from this dress of greed.

I should talk silently if I dress in this satin.
Even if I have a hundred tongues like the iris,
I won't say one word.

He dresses in such a garment,
Covers himself with that.
God said to the Prophet,
"O one who covers his head with his dress,"¹⁷
His inner dresses were like divine light,
His outer dresses were his good attributes.



108.

Verse 1286

Lovers don't have work or talent, but insanity.
The coyness of the beloved
Is nothing but acting like a stranger.
Acting like not knowing.

Learn to dance from the particles
In front of the light.
Learn bravery from the moth.

Jump. Attack like a drunken lion.
Don't know either front or back
It is a shame for lions to fight with cats.

The summit of the mountain is high,
But it doesn't know how to scatter particles.
What can I say about the falcon
But that it cannot be like a moth.

How can you find open wounds
In front of a sword that is on a shield?
How can a golden glove
Make the fire a home.

The river's water is sweet,
But where is the majesty of the sea?
How can you become a vizir to the Shah?
How can you be free from all bondage?

You are the glass of secret.
Plug-up your ears, close your eyes.
A cup with holes cannot serve wine.

A bright night cannot take place in the morning.
A shiny bead cannot act like a pearl.



109.

Verse 1294

Even the candle which illuminates the universe --
I mean the sun -- doesn't look bright to me.
I wonder if this is my eyes' fault,
The sunshine, or the window?

Did I loose the end of the thread
That that feeling has gone?
Because when I had that feeling,
Even the end of the needle couldn't stay covered.

What a lucky time is that time
That the angel who serves this Mescid¹⁸
Put God's olive oil in this heart's lamp.

O heart, go and sit nicely
At the crucible of that fire.
Even ordinary iron has become a mirror in that fire.

Abraham entered into fire like gold.
Then fire turned into a jasmine garden.
Roses and iris have grown from that
Because of him.

Come. Sit down and tell me,
What are you going to do if you don't bring
Your heart from that fight to this love?

If you can't come to the circle of braves
Because you are not a man,
Then stay outside of the door.
Knock at the door like a doorknocker.

The Prophet said, "Fasting is a shield."¹⁹
Don't throw this shield,
In front of *self* who throws arrows.



110.

Verse 1302

You keep telling me every moment,
"Read a sweet kita,²⁰
Take a kiss for every verse.
Come and sit next to me."

What a kiss! What a kiss!
What a halva! What a baklava of samsa!²¹
He makes milk gush out of stone.
The pick-ax or ax can't do that.

O heart, how can you fly like that?
Did you find the kiss of love?
Every particle of you
Cries like lips and gathers kisses.

Prophets used to give telkiyn²²
To martyrs who died for God.
Come and give telkiyn to your martyr.

When you intend to give telkiyn,
The dead one flies to the sky.
His shroud turns into satin,
And roses grow on his grave.

Since you are not comfortable,
Why don't you sacrifice this body's mount?
O heart, how can you be happy with this mount?
It can't climb to the heights.
It is lame! It is lame!

Cut the leg of the camel that doesn't follow you.
It goes to the thorn field.
It sees a thorn as a fig.

When you cut its leg,
You go like a boat without feet.
Waves of this endless sea
Won't destroy your sails.



111.

Verse 1310

⓪ Moslems, it is haram²³ to leave this house.
It is haram to leave the purple-colored wine,
To not listen to the sound of the organ.

There is only deceit and reproach outside.
I tried a thousand times and saw that.
It is stupid to try something
That has already been tried before.

Don't go out of the house, O crazy one.
Otherwise you'll cry blood because of separation.
Blood. When you cut a hand, blood will drip.
There is no question about that.

O my friend,
Learn how to smile while crying, from the candle.
Learn how to talk while staying away from eyes.

If it is meant for you,
You will learn from the masters
How to fly to the dome of the sky,
Like the bird of the innocent's soul.

Come, O Beloved. Come.
Have a merry time.
Carry our load like a pole. Carry that.
Your patience teaches you
How to go to the dome of the sky
Which has no pole.

Son of Mary, Jesus' breath
Can't decrease the lover's suffering.
The wound of heart
Doesn't heal with spells or medicine.

When a cup is put upside-down,
Its contents spill out.
But love doesn't spill,
No matter which way you turn the cup.

Whether you are clean or dirty,
O smart man, don't leave this house.
There is no worse sin than for you
To leave this house at this world.

You are a lion at this door.
The enemy on your way is a fox.
It is a shame for the lion to be helpless to the fox.

If you will tolerate someone's caprice,
You may as well tolerate the sultans.
It is a bad omen to fall under this banal firmament.

I will wash my heart from knowledge.
I will make myself unaware of myself,
Because it is not proper to reach
That glorious Beloved
Like the learned and the talented.

The soul of the insane knows that this soul
Is the shell of the soul.
It is good to be insane, just to know that.

It is permissible to the one who dives in the sea
To become a diver
If he knows how to hold his breath.
The one who attains wealth and possessions
Is the one who gives his wealth and possessions.

Be silent. Let him talk, repent.
Because it is that beloved's custom.
He goes to the repentant.



112.

Verse 1325

Why does a Muslim try to cheat another Muslim?
It is not considered art
To cheat someone who is utterly confused.

Mecnum followed the trace of Leyla
And passed through the desert.
But Leyla's eye was not trying
To trick some lazy one.

He doesn't feel sorry
About scattering pearls like the sea.
But you still try to cheat him with that.

His eye that resembles school
Put such a rule on earth that even ants
Are tempted to cheat Solomon.

My heart rips the thought,
Breaks it like glass.
Why does the mind still try to deceive
The one who knows even secret things?

Earth is polished, sparkles when heard.
He wants to deceive charmers.
The universe returns to the store
Where things are to be purchased.

Every thought which has fallen in the river
Goes after one prey.
What does salt desire?
To deceive the salt mine.

He teaches dirty ones how to clean with pure water.
He also teaches the pickax
How to cheat the ground.

The overpowering one
Knows very different ways of torture.
In a situation like that,
Why does fire try to cheat
The seed of uzerlik²⁴ and coreotu?²⁵



113.

Verse 1334

① good-mannered, great hero,
I want a room next to Shihabeddin²⁶ at Medrese²⁷
From your favor.

You named me a slow judge
And called me a *man of justice* at the courthouse
Or called me a *sultan's prayer*.
Then I say *Amen* to prayers.

Bring the rebab player there.
If you want to change my name,
Call me Fulaneddin.²⁸

As a matter of fact,
People are nothing but names and shapes.
They resemble unripe fruit.
Which one is sweet? Which one is sour?
Who knows?

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If something happens, the judge wants to do Sema.
I play a nice tune with the rebab
And put him in Sema.

Akinci²⁹ comes back to life
With the sound of my rebab.
He raises his head from the grave,
Gets up and starts Sema.
Tell me, "Bravo."

He undresses from his shroud,
Throws it in front of me like a drunk,
Takes off his mantle for the musician.
After that, the dead come out of their graves,
One by one.

No wonder shapes and forms
Come to life with that sound.
Love has been changing to different forms
Inside of you.

In fact, the ones who are worthy of men
Are the ones who come to life from you.
Consider the rest of them
Like a piece of dust on the ground.

There is a different form in your heart
Every moment.
Yet, your body is a form already frozen,
Has become stone.
You belong to this last one.
You have no idea about the first.
That's why you are also frozen.

A form appears and says,
"I am the essence of the gazel. Look for me."
I keep silent.
It is not proper to give soul to the ordinary.



114.

Verse 1345

I knelt down at my beloved's feet
Because of the love in my heart.
Then, with joy,
Soul came prostrated in front of me.

But, if I fail one day of service,
This soul becomes an enemy to mine,
And this heart treats me accordingly.

One early dawn I prayed,
"I said my soul became dirt under your feet."
Then I heard *Amen* from my soul for that prayer.

How did heart find the way
To reach that secret beauty?
What smell did this soul smell that he understood
That beauty is adding Soul to my soul?

He offered me a glass.
I hesitated. I said, "I don't want it."
"Don't say that," he said, "Drink it just for me."

When I took a sip,
I couldn't help but finish the rest.
It was such a glass
That it became a guide on this road.



115.

Verse 1351

It is such a bitter wine that all the bitterness
Becomes sweet because of it.
It is such a Chinese beauty
That doesn't allow wrinkles on our face!

His wine says every moment,
"Drink Hizir's³⁰ abi-hayat."³¹
His face says, every moment,
"Watch eternal paradise."

His sweet tongue plants trees full of olives.
His sweet lips read the chapter of Vettin³²
With charm.

O one who burns and melts thousands
Of black-eyed houris with the love of his cheeks,
O one whose love remedies troubles like Ya Sin!³³

The one whose light of his face
Enlightens the morning sun
Even better than that light.
O one who because of greatness,
Will reach the top of Mount Sinai,

He will slay so many lovers by the words
Visit only a few times
*So your love will be increased.*³⁴
His face will bring so many dead back to life
Like the day of resurrection.

He keeps saying, "Don't say anything
If you understand, look and see."
I would resurrect thousands of dead
Every moment with that telkiyn.³⁵

My silence at the assembly of free people
Opens half a secret.
The meaning beyond the words
Will be known by lights.

When He says to the believer,
"Ask your wishes,"
They will hear unspoken words.
You just keep saying, "Amen."

O morning breeze, we kept silent.
Whatever you understand from us, go and tell.
Relate the things we hide
To living ones for some time.



116.

Verse 1361

There are signs in his eye.
Know him well. Know him well.
You hear that from me.
His time is up.
Pull him toward yourself. Pull.

The Soul's sun has risen.
It cannot be contained by either the East or West.
Come, O envious, if you are a man,
Try to hide. Hide.

The purpose of our existence is to explain him.
His losses are profit to us.
If you want to benefit your soul, lose him. Lose.

I turned into blood from that subtle point.
How am I, O my god? How am I?
Come and tell me O soul, who adds life to my life.

O my soul, consider if it is explained.
He is neither sea nor coral.
Soul can't stand to describe him.
Divulge him. Divulge.

That sea demands a soul like an alligator
Turned into fire from one end to the other.
If you have a soul like that, give it to him. Give.

The one who sees the sea
Considers the sky like earth.
Make the same to one, even if he is not the same.

Jump quickly from the earth.
Dive into the sea full of pearls.
This world is a jumping body.
Make it jump. Make it dance.

If you want to escape from Sultan Shems of Tebriz,
Don't throw the arrow of claim.
Make him like a bow. Bow.



117.

Verse 1370

I am a slave of Shemseddin whose ear is pierced.
My heart is full of the wounds of separation.
I want to drink the wine of union with Shemseddin.

His fire of love went beyond Arsh and Fersh.³⁶
There are veils in that fire and around me
To cover Shemseddin's face.

I have fires flame by flame in my arms.
But in order to embrace Shemseddin,
Those fires become the water of life.

My mind cooked a saucepan meal.
I tasted it, but found it uncooked.
In order to have Shemseddin obtain ebullience,
I turned the saucepan upside-down.

As you see,
There is someone in the house of this body
Who hits his head with his hand.
Another one is sick, almost dead,
And someone else
Is lost in the thoughts of Shemseddin.

The tongue of mind which resembles Zulfekaar
Filled this sea with pearls
After mind pulled its tongue
And become silent for Shemseddin.

I swear by your soul
That I became so exuberant again;
It doesn't matter how you tie me.
I will break all those ties.



118.

Verse 1377

I resemble the sky.

I am like a Moon with your light.

I am like a candle with your light.

I take an oath on your soul

That my mind is entirely love.

My joy is from your work.

My drunkenness is from your thorn.

I take an oath on your soul;

Wherever you change your face, I turn mine there.

I said it wrong.

No wonder I say it wrong in that situation.

I take an oath on your soul;

I cannot differentiate wine from the glass.

I am such a bound, crazy, insane one

That I keep tying giants.

I take an oath on your soul;

I am so crazy that I become Solomon to giants.

I take an oath on your soul

That if anything else appears

Besides love in the heart,

I will push it out of the heart.

Come, O long-gone friend,
Surely the thing that is gone
Will come back again.
But I swear on your soul,
I vow that you are neither *him* nor myself.

O one who denies down deep inside,
Don't deny secretly;
Because I vow on your soul,
I can even read
The secret writing on your forehead.

I cannot sleep at night
Because of Shems of Tebriz' love.
I take an oath on your soul;
I am utterly confused, like whirling particles.

119.

Verse 1385

I take an oath on your soul,
I have become so exuberant again
That it doesn't matter how you tie me.
I'll break the ties anyway.

I am such a bound, crazy, insane one
That I keep tying the giants.
I take an oath on your soul
That I know the language of birds.
I am Solomon.

You are precious, dear life.
I don't want temporary life.
I take an oath on your soul
That I don't want a soul full of sorrows.

I turn into the darkness of disbelief
When you are hidden from me.
When you appear to me,
I take an oath on your soul
That I am Muslim at that moment.

When I drink water from a jar,
I see your image in the water.
I take an oath on your soul
That I feel regret if I take a breath without you.

I am in sorrow like a black cloud
If I ascend to the sky without you.
I take an oath on your soul
That I am in a dungeon
If I go to the rose garden without you.

Your name is music to my ears.
The soul of your glass is the thing my mind feels.
I take an oath on your soul
That I am ruined. Come and repair me.

O one who leads me the right way,
You are my purpose
At the temple of worship and Mescid.³⁷
Wherever you turn your face,
I make an oath on your soul
That I turn my face there also.

I talk with love. I say he is a lion.
I am a gazelle,
But I make an oath on your soul.
What kind of gazelle am I
That I watch and take care of lions?

O one who denies down deep in his heart,
Don't deny secretly.
I make an oath on your soul
That I can even read
The secret writing on your forehead.

What kind of affection did that absolute being
Show this heart which is full of blood,
Such that I made an oath on your soul,
He ceased relations with his friends?

You are the bairam for sacrificed souls.
Lovers are your sacrifices at your temple.
I make an oath on your soul.
Bring me to your kitchen.
I am your sacrifice.

I cannot sleep at night
Because of Shems of Tebriz' love.
I make an oath on your soul
That I am utterly confused like whirling particles.

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120.

Verse 1398

If I am not in love with him,
Why am I running around his neighborhood?
If I am not thirsty for him,
What am I doing in his river?

Why do I restrain this insane?
Either I laugh at myself
Or the whole world laughs at me.
He won't accept any chain
Besides the beloved's hair.

Take my reason and my intelligence away.
My ears are plugged with cotton.
Once they are open, then I can hear him.

My crying heart kept saying, constantly,
"I made a promise." It says, "I won't drink
Any other wine but the blood of his enemy."

He fills my heart with blood,
My head with wine and opium.
My heart becomes his leather bag,
My head, his pumpkin.

What is the Moon or Venus?
When he opens his face,
The sweetness of his disposition
Is much better than sugar or halva.

They asked me, "Why do you cry?"
Because of the one who scatters sugar.
They asked me, "Why are you so pale?"
Because of the tulip garden of his face.

You drag me toward Shems of Tebriz every moment.
O heart, whisper in my ear,
"Why do you keep running toward his side?"



121.

Verse 1406

O my soul, O my Moon-faced one!
Your trouble is sweeter than soul.
That's why I left soul.
Let him be burned and suffer because of you.

Soul is ashamed when he sees you.
My heart's feet would get stuck in mud.
What business do I have with heart?
Heart became a house for him.

You are the sun.
Heart has fallen into the well.
Time by time, reflect on the well,
Because heart has been melting
Is being notched like the Moon with your love.

When I am alone, I am copper.
When I am with you, I turn into gold.
When I am by myself, I am stone.
With you, I become pearl.
I wear a service belt
When I see your kaftan.³⁸

I embrace love.
He took off his kulah.³⁹
Look around you.
In revenge for shedding your blood,
Hundreds of heads have been cut off.

I need you, O my Moon face.
I needed you at the beginning.
I need you at the end.
I fly like a piece of straw
With the love of your ambergris.

O my beautiful place, Tebriz!
I fall into trouble and worry because of Shemseddin.
I come to you, Kaabe of union, by saying Lebbeyks. ⁴⁰



122.

Verse 1413

The heart, which has been accustomed to fire,
Became lightning because of you.
You are like stone and iron.
Where is the seyir-seyran?⁴¹ Where am I?
To strike a tent or to go are both the same to me.

If you are not here, I see myself.
But when you see me, I pass out of myself,
And you also pass out of yourself.
I won't be able to go underground without you.
Come, O friend, to be self to me. Come.

When I start to talk, you are the one who talks.
I see nothing but darkness in me.
You appear as a Moon in that darkness.

I tore collars so you would hang on my collar.
I am withdrawn from myself,
And yet, you are giving up love.

I am sorry, sorry.
You are sorry, sorry.
I have thousands of tongues like the iris,
But you are the tongue, word and iris for me.

My eyes are on Your face.
Sometimes I am a club to You,
At other times, a ball.
But you are the ball.
You are the club and two bright eyes.

You turn the watermelon of Abu-cehil⁴²
To sugar for me with just one thought.
You also change sugar to poison,
Like an enemy, with one thought.

You are the sugar.
You are the watermelon of Abu-cehil
And thought
Which turns from one shape to another.
You are the ant. You are Solomon.
You are the sun. You are the window.

I was a cross-eyed misbeliever.
I reached union. I have matured.
You are the one who made misbelievers cross-eyed.
You are the faith,
You are the land of salvation.



123.

Verse 1422

If day is already gone, O my soul,
At night, be a guest to drunks.
Be a guest to the ones who have passed
Out of themselves until morning.

O Joseph of beauties,
Don't go away from the eyes of Jacob.
Change this night to the night of Kadir.⁴³
Be a candle to the house of sorrow.

If we are far, be merciful.
If we are naked, become our dress.
If we are lean and sick, be health to us.
If we are in pain, be a remedy for us.

If we are in denial, be faith.
If we are guilty, be forgiveness.
If we are poor and hungry, be kindness.
Be heaven and be Ridvan.⁴⁴

Be a guard. Beat the soul's drum.
In order to denounce Satan,
Throw fire on him.

You are the sea, the world is fish.
It doesn't matter if it is timely or untimely.
If you want the fish to survive,
Be the water of life to them.

How nicely this dark evening would pass
If the moon were to become our guest.
O my soul, rise to the one who walks at night.
O my Moon face, shine on them.

O heart who has fallen into suffering, be silent.
Don't talk about goodness and badness.
Since it is the secret
Of the one who reveals secrets,
Close your lips at this level, be concealed.



124.

Verse 1430

I haven't seen anyone in this world
Who hasn't been covered with wings up to his head.
Everybody is exuberant.
Everybody is on watch, looking for an excuse.

Everybody is born from love.
Everybody's heart is wounded.
Everybody's lips are closed.
But there are rows upon rows of peonies
In the garden of soul.

Good and bad resemble sleeping lions.
When you try to reach up your hand,
They raise hell on earth.

There are so many suns of sky
In everyone's earthly body!
So many lions are hidden in the shape of gazelles!

This secret truth didn't come
From earth and sky like humans.
So many peerless children
Were born from that bride and groom.
But these are not from them.

The feet of thought are stuck in the mud.
But he walks around many different places.
His feet even step on the surface of Saturn.

He poured the water of kindness from above
To cleanse the one who is smeared with mud.

But you don't see this *Zemzem*⁴⁵
And are sinking deeper in every moment.
If you are Job,⁴⁶ if you are confident,
Search the medicine under your feet.

When he dives into the water to cleanse himself,
The water carries him.
He rolls him forward to the garden of absence
Like an apple.

When his apple reaches the apple orchard,
It will be saved from stones and damage.
He won't see any trouble in that rose garden,
He will only be kissed and treated like a peach.

The hearts of Vis and Ramin⁴⁷
See the paradise of union.
The red rose and wallflower
Sit face-to-face like a drunk.

From that side, a *houri* appears,
Has a glass of wine made from ripe grapes.
On this side a bride is looking
At another bride with a smile.

The ones who are dressed in white like flowers
Are spread throughout that beautiful garden
Where they have many favors from saying,
"We are saved from cruelty.
That snake-faced one left us quickly."

Their soul eye flies.
Eye looks at those beautiful things.
Their mouth is filled with sugar and honey.
You say the rest of the poem.



125.

Verse 1445

He is poor. He is poor.
He is the son of the poor.
He knows everything. He knows everything.
He is the son of the one who knows everything.

He is elegant. He is elegant.
He is the son of the elegant.
He is the master. He is the master.
He is the master with wealth and property.

He is shelter. He is shelter.
He is the shelter of every guilty one.
He is light. He is light.
He is the peerless light.

He is calmness. He is calmness.
He calms every craziness.
He is the world. He is the world.
He is a world of sugar and honey.

If you tell your secret to him,
You have just told it to the whole world.
Even if you hide, you can be sure
That he knows everything in everyone's heart.

Even if they all refuse you,
He doesn't leave you.
Come and stay under his stately shadow.
He is a sultan that cannot be chased away.

Go to his harvest.
He will make you green, make you grow.
Take shelter with him.
He will protect you from the sword
As well as the arrow.

Whatever he says, you say, "I hear. I obey."⁴⁸
Whatever you are afraid of, he will save you,
Free you from the things that frighten you.

If there is a curse,
He will quiet even a black devil.
If His sun reflects on them,
They all become like a full moon.

I say these words with love.
I take a lesson from love.
I sacrifice soul to him.
He accepts only a few things.

You have an idol under the curtain.
It is beautiful, but dead.
Don't embrace it.
It is cold like the middle of winter.

He put henna on his hands,
Plans hundreds of tricks,
Sets hundreds of deceptions.
He looks young, but he is very old.

If he were a male lion,
He would be looking for a lover and meat.
But he resembles a leopard.
He searches for cheese.

He doesn't have the honor of being a sultan.
He doesn't even deserve to be a doorkeeper.
For the love of bulamac⁴⁹
He stayed naked, like garlic.

If you follow his arrow,
You become like a bent bow.
Where is the lion? Where is he?
He is more captive than a rabbit.

My heart became exuberant,
Wanted to flow to hundreds of springs.
But he cut the road of my water.
He knows how to block the way.
He knows well.



126.

Verse 1460

Didn't you say to me one day,
"You are a friend of the cave,"⁵⁰
A real friend, a tree in the garden of our love?"

O God's lion,
Haven't you said to me, at the end of hunting,
"What a beautiful gazelle of ours you are.
What a beautiful prey you are?"

O comfort and peace of my heart,
You used to talk
About my heart and soul like a rose.
Nowadays, you don't even say,
"You are a thorn in that rose garden."

There was coyness from you in my head.
Sorrow took that out of my mind.
Mercy, mercy from your separation.
You are such a cruel one who doesn't know mercy.

How could your love
Permit the shedding of my blood?
I don't know.
What a tempered-steel sword you are.
What a stone-hearted beauty you are.

O hope,
You used to put the staff of Moses in my hand.
Today, you become soul to the snake,
Because of the separation that resembles Pharaoh.

You have fallen down
From the bright sky like Adam,
Separated from the union of the sultan.
Why are you in this bad place,
This land of fire?

O eye, you were in the arms of union.
Fill your skirt with tears,
Because you are separated from the sultan today.

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O my hair, you dress black at the time of joy.
When I fall in grief with sorrow,
Your dress becomes white.
What is the reason for this?

The excuses I brought with poems and prose
Turned out to be night stories to the world.
You didn't accept even one excuse of mine.
What kind of beautiful-faced one are you?

O soul, you are separated from this water of life,
But have still not melted, still stay around.
Are you a granite rock?

You run away from this body,
But still have a bandage.
You get out of that sea of kindness
And become a pearl
That deserves to be on a sultan's ear.

You turn pale with this faded hope,
Like a garden which is withered by cold winter.
You fly past that winter quickly.
You are the soul of spring.

O great, honorable soul,
Go to the source of knowledge, the world of soul.
You are not a soul made of smoke.

Don't comment on the bad.
Union is acquired by auspicious comments.
Don't say you are away from your sultan.
You are very close to him.

If you know you are insane,
This knowledge is wisdom.
If you understand you are drunk,
Then you are sober.

Thousands of thanks to this sultan
Who ties you to his vizir.
Thousands of praises to that wine
That caused you to become drunk.

Boasting and reaching complete glory
Is for the sultan.
Why do you attempt to boast?
Why are you are restrained and shy?

O heart,
My separation has grown by drinking your blood.
Why have you been sacrificed, O heart?
You are only a one-year-old, lean lamb.

You open nine eyes to see those lips
Like a shrill pipe.
Since you don't see those lips,
Why do you keep crying that tune?

My back is bent double by your separation
Like a tambourine.
Why don't you fall into the hands of heart
Like a tambourine?

Sultan Shemseddin's love is favor to the soul,
A thousand favors.
Yet, you are covered with wounds and bruises
From saying, "I will protect your right."

O my sultan of Tebriz,
I am submerged in a sea of blood.
Wouldn't it be nice
If you would raise dust from that sea like Moses?

O beauty and kindness of my sultan,
How can I describe you?
There is no beginning and no end.



127.

Verse 1484

Even if you see hundred of tricks,
Still don't be sure of God's trick.
Even if you feel like seeing the truth,
You still rub your eyes.

God's order is so great
That even your soul's eye is on earth.
He sees you at the Arsh.⁵¹

Expect treachery from your soul
Which appears trustworthy,
Doubt his loyalty.
Because if you are naive,
You don't get any benefits from the trustworthy.

You bought an ugly Indian who is dressed in a veil.
You imagine her to be as beautiful as Venus,
As graceful as a Chinese beauty.

But when you bring her home at night
And uncover her face,
You close your eyes and plug your nose.

There are many that appear devout
In this bazaar of cheaters.
You have a sound mind and intelligence,
But they still deceive you,

Unless the master of masters, Shemseddin,
Will help you every moment,
Warn your soul.

See this sun that has no beginning of his beginning
And no end of his end. If you are religious,
He shines in the land of religion.

Go to the garden of union because of him.
Joy and pleasure grow there.
Even if you are in sorrow,
Every part of you keeps smiling.



128.

Verse 1493

I will push out from heart, from eyes.
I will become disgusted with that
When the sun of soul rises.
I want neither candle nor star.

Look at the painter.
Why do you keep watching the painting
On the wall of Haman?⁵²
See the sun and Moon?
Why do you keep turning around just a piece of
Moon?

You plugged garlic up your nose,
And you are searching for a rose smell.
Looking for help from the helpless
Is to be an unlucky person.

Don't look at anybody besides the painter.
He is such a painter
That he changes a painting of sorrow to joy.
Hard stone becomes agate and ruby
With his elixir of kindness.

You are separated from your house, your place.
Your life is spent in a foreign land.
Either drunk or sober, try to reach him.
Once you reach him, you will be saved.

Are you an ogre
That you don't know the way to Medyen?⁵³
Yet, your place is above the sky.
That's where your mansion, your quarter is.

But this mansion is not the one you know.
It doesn't have a roof or towers
Designed by an architect.

Thousands of flowers smile cheerfully
With the expectation of a promise in that lowland.
Above, thousands of candles
Keep turning by His order.

What a kingdom! What greatness this is
That he spares life for a prostration.
It is certainly much better to be his prisoner
Than this deceitful self.

Every mind which is full of thoughts and tricks
Has become like that because of his knowledge.
Every eye which charms a person
Becomes like that because of his kindness.

O love, don't say words of love to that body.
He turns and becomes a hypocrite, bites your back.
He does that, but he has nothing to do with love.

He stands respectfully in front of you,
But he laughs at you. Watch and see.
He takes you to the cemetery, alas,
From the self that causes all evils.



129.

Verse 1505

What happened to the oath you made,
The promise you gave to this slave last night?
Long life to your oath or the breaking of your oath
And to your beauty.

There is no sadness if a Sultan of Sultans,
Who catches the world with one look,
Who attracts all the stars with a smile,
Breaks his oath.

O heart, ask whatever you want.
The gift is ready. The sultan is here.
That moon-faced never says
Go and come back next year.

I swear by the soul of the sultan,
His favor is always cash.
I haven't heard the word *tomorrow* from him.
Have you ever heard of a shiny moon-circle
That sells moonlight by installments?

Where are those favors that help?
Where did those stories go?
Where are those explanations?
Where is the one who explains?

All of them are with us.
Who are we?
Everything from beginning to end is us.
There is an old saying,
“The one who searches will find.”

Is it proper to say *we*?
We have died under the feet of his love.
No. I made a mistake. I said it wrong.
The one who comes back to life with his love
Can't die again.

When the sultan's image came walking,
Swaying from side to side, bricks came to life.
Stone and dried trees started to smile.
Sterile women became pregnant and gave birth.

If His image is like that,
You can imagine what His beauty is.
His face is like the circle of the sun
That shines at the forth level of the sky.

The one who knows the taste of the meal
Is the one who eats the meal.

The Beloved and lover are amazingly the same,
But separate people.
The melting of the one who polishes
And the one who is polished is also amazing.



130.

Verse 1516

O my beauty who eats heart,
You are coming fearlessly.
You carry my heart.
I don't know what you have brought.

I need help because of your deceitful eyes.
You did the same thing before.
You came slowly first,
Then snatched this broken heart suddenly.

You are suffering the anxiety of the firmament
In order to catch that absolute Moon.
Here is your craziness.
The wise one doesn't do that.

Bring that fiery glass that I drink completely.
I drink with the love of a moon-face
Who is beyond the stars and sky.

Burn my harvest.
Throw my cup from the roof.
That's the work of love.
The lover is always a vagabond.

If you would wound this heart
With grudges, wound it.
He will endure,
What else could this poor one do?

My heart became the world of thoughts
Or a store full of glasses.
Tell me, O Shems of Tebriz,
Is your heart a stone or a rock?



131.

Verse 1523

What an assembly that is for masters!
What wines these are that deserve sultans!
What a nice Yagma⁵⁴
That the sultan of Kipcak⁵⁵ brings loot to Turks!

My heart chews his iron chain
With the hope that that small, pretty mouth
Will open the arm of kindness with ruby lips.

Don't chase this crazy insane heart away
From your temple because of this absolute feeling.
Where could he go with this spell,
With this fable?

When he spreads that curly hair in front of lovers,
He knows the insane become crazier
With the sound of chains.

My heart has been split like a comb's teeth
Because of that twisted, black, curly hair.

The friends of heart have become
Upside-down with drunkenness,
Are ruined and gone.
O my Moon-face, for the sake of your soul,
Put your head inside of this door and look.

O heart, why did you fall in the mud?
Because that cupbearer didn't serve wine?
If he didn't open the top of the jar,
Why is the glass filled with wine?

O my God, how thoughts
Have been lost in this jungle.
How could a body act like a body
Between the loved and Beloved?

Come, O Shems of Tebriz,
You are the Solomon of greatness.
Birds have lost the trap and bait with your love.



132.

Verse 1532

Thought was gone, out of hand,
As soon as it touched the heart.
Secrets and thoughts have tied their belt
And started the journey.

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Heart came to soul and said,
“Don’t be attached to yourself.”
Thought found heart very slow,
Jumped out quickly and was gone.

A messenger came from love.
“Get up,” he said to thought,
“Go and kiss the ground at His temple.”
Thought has surpassed himself with that thought
And reached God.

The tavern of beauties is open.
Thought became a friend to glass and jar.
Everything came to your mind,
Appeared one by one
What drunkenness this is now!

He gave up thinking of himself so much.
He gave himself up so much
That he was asking this question of everyone,
“I wonder if there is such a thing as thought.”

Destiny came down with the blood of heart,
Clapped his hands and said,
“Nobody escapes from me.
Why did thought escape?”

Everybody sets a trap for that kind of thought
In the front and the back.
Suppose that thought should fall in the trap?

Look at this world.
Sometimes it is fat,
Sometimes it is lean.
It goes back to the old trouble,
Because He thinks thought is reborn.

The forms you look for come from thought.
Don't look at every shape,
Worship thought.

All substances are immobile.
They stand like buildings.
Thought splits substances and jumps outside.

Birth pains are the birth of a prince.
In the end, thought's head will be down.
The newborn's will go up.

When heart turns out to be
Like a prophet with sorrows,
The archangel Gabriel descends to heart.
Thought became pregnant
With hundred of Jesus' like Mary.

Shems of Tebriz' honey increases blood in my body.
That's why thought pierces vessels of my heart
Like the one who does cupping.



133.

Verse 1545

Yesterday, the rose of Van⁵⁶ said to the tulip,
“We should get up and hold the skirt
Of the newly opened rose, like a drunk.

“We could drink wine after wine
From the face of the rose that resembles flame.
Come, so we will mix together
The rose and tulip, like drunks.”

Jasmine has seen the lively eyes of narcissus
And said to Van’s rose,
“Get up. Let’s start fighting like drunks.”

“The rose-faced beauty who resembles sugar
Was closed like a bud.
Since it has open and spread,
Our time also has come
To be open and scatter pearls.”

The souls
Who are coming from the assembly of Elest
Come as drunks, out of themselves.
That’s the reason our feet are slipping
In the mud like drunks.

O heart, learn freedom from the cypress.
In this joy we would ignore guilt
As well as repent like drunks.

Selahaddin is the order of the eye
That sees the right way.
It is well worth it if we escape
From ourselves like drunks.



134.

Verse 1552

I see a Moon that is inside of my eye
As well as outside.
Neither an eye has seen it yet,
Nor has an ear heard it.

When I look at that face, stealthily,
I see that tongue, heart and soul
Have all passed out of themselves.

If Plato had ever seen the face and beauty
Of that Moon,
He would be more insane and crazy than me.
He would be more exalted and excited than me.

Absence is the mirror of existence
That comes later.
Existence is also the mirror of absence
Which has no beginning.
Both of these have been mixed with each other
Like his divided hair on His face
That resembles a sparkling mirror.

There is a cloud at the other side of feeling.
That is soul.
That cloud rains to the body made of dust.

Moon-faces in the sky
Saw the reflection of His face.
They all felt ashamed.
They all started to scratched their necks
In front of that beauty.

Ebed⁵⁷held the hand of Ezel,⁵⁸
Taking him to the mansion of that moon.
Zeal saw both of them and started to laugh.⁵⁹

Because there are so many lions
Around His mansion,
They tend to the lives of real heroes
Who play with their own lives with jealousy.

Suddenly, the word has escaped from my mouth.
Who is that sultan?
Shemseddin, sultan of Tebriz.
That word escaped from my mouth,
But my blood started boiling because of that word.



135.

Verse 1561

When that chewed-up heart heard
The sounds of *savul*, *savul*,⁽⁶⁾
He passed out of himself as well as the world.

He plunged into the sea of absence.
Existence looked very inferior to his eyes.
Then a lightning appeared which was greater
And more beautiful than blood-thirsty soul.

The one is made of pride and grudges
Can't see the secrets.
Creatures who are born on earth
Become confused in the sea.

O human soul,
Since you are in the land of deficiency,
At least walk around like stars at night.

When you are helped by the learned,
You will reach eternal life and endless pleasure,
Acquire an army to defeat self that orders malice.

When you sweep off existence
And crush the head of self,
Such a beauty appears that has no face, no cheeks!

What are hundreds of Moons there?
Every particle of ground turns out to be gold there,
Don't take anything but heart over there,
Because heart will be broken to pieces there.

A beautiful sea offers pearls to the ones
Whose heart's eyes are open.
Souls that are counted like grains of sand
Become vagabonds with this love.

The leather bag you have filtered
For Shems of Tebriz is such a nice bag.
The wine you offer to the wine lover
Is such a good wine.



136.

Verse 1570

You come fearlessly to the eyes
Through heart's way,
Read warm spells
And tell confused, exciting stories.

You turn skies with your breath.
What would be
The place of a decayed understanding
In front of your spell?

You wash and clean the sins of two worlds
With one repentance.
How come you keep rolling our small faults
Between your fingers?

There are Jobs for you at every corner,
Jacob at every side.
Love has broken your door
And stolen your garments.

Go slowly, slowly to the cemetery.
Yell at that garden, "O old dead one."
Say, "Get up, O scattered body. Dance."

The whole cemetery prospers like a city
At that moment.
All the dead start dancing.
They all rejoice.
Fate and destiny take their hands from their necks.

I am not saying these words for the sake of talk.
I am not imagining.
I have seen this hundreds of times.
I am not talking about things that I have not seen.

“I have escaped from the people.”
If the shirt of the person who says that
Is rent on the back,⁶¹
He must be telling the truth.

Be silent, O one who talks.
Listen to what the Beloved says to the lover.
As long as the one who demands keeps looking,
The demanded one becomes stubborn.



137.

Verse 1579

You are beautiful, young. How are you?
You are asking, "What are you doing?"
How can I be?
Your beauty has boundaries.
Neither does your kindness, your favor.

The nicest thing is to ride a horse
To the essence of sweetness.
But in this ride, thousands of horses
And thousands of riders get hurt.

I have been trying to keep silent,
But I have tasted sugar and become your tongue
That tells secrets constantly.
I gather that disposition from You.

O heart, your head is strong,
But your feet are loose.
That is what drunkenness is like.
You walk, lame, but hurry up,
Because they are about to close the door.

Go to salvation's morning.
Go to the sea of living.
Throw and break this jar.
Pour gas on that hut.
Burn it to ashes.

Leave wine for the ones who are fond of wine,
Idols to the ones who are submerged in sorrow.
Because that one is nothing but figure;
The other is nothing but words.

Because He says in contrariness
To his deceitful self,
To the soul of the ones who are longing,
“I was a secret treasure.
I loved to be known.
I desired and created people.”⁶²

Come, O my friends, come to the top of our height,
Because that body resembles the blind.
Those senses are the cane of the blind.

Come to the brilliance when it shines,
Where God manifests in its light.
The full moon is like a loaf of bread in front of that.
The essence of the sun is the baker who cooks it.



138.

Verse 1588

A raging torrent came to the city
And destroyed everything.
The sky became a lighted wheel for that water.

In fact, that city is nothing but love.
Humans were crazy and insane in that city.
When they woke up,
They were saved from yesterday and tomorrow.

When the water overflowed, the storm started.
That wind carried the mountain,
Like a piece of straw in front of a hurricane.

When they split the mountain, minerals appear.
You see ruby inside of the ruby-like moonlight.

You see the face of a Chinese beauty in this light
Whose hands are stained by blood
Like butchers' hands.

All souls are drunk from the smell of these hands.
All the skies come down in front of him.
He becomes so benevolent with his favors.

His killing resembles the crushing of grapes.
When the grape doesn't exist anymore,
Its juice remains.

Hundreds of thousands of grapes become one
When soul reaches union.
He also becomes that kind of being.

But it is necessary that Shems of Tebriz
Hold the hand of that soul.
Put a ring on his finger,
Offer a kingdom to him.



Verse 1597

A treasure appeared at the goldsmith's store.

What form!

What meaning! What beauty!

What beauty!

What a beautiful jewelry bazaar.

What a beautiful secret of Jacob.

Even Joseph's soul catches the exuberance

Of Jacob with his love and becomes exalted.

Hundreds of Leylas break their chains like Mecnum.

Even Job's patience

Becomes helpless in front of that fire.

Gold is hammered, God remains.

His body has become gold leaf.

That goldsmith, whose face is like an angel,

Has stayed like jewels on the plate.

Come. Caress the lover.

You are soul to truth.

If you feel bad, cut the neck of the hypocrite.



140.

Verse 1602

I am a slave and servant for a watchman
Because my beloved is a watchman.
He is like the moon and stars at night
And doesn't sleep.

I am a slave and servant for the gardener,
Because my friend is the gardener.
He looks like a branch of the Juda tree
In beauty and freshness.

It is not a shame to be a lover.
Even if it is, that's still all right,
Because I know all the shame,
My beloved knows the secret things.

Even if all the world becomes shame,
When love comes, it burns everything.
He is very brave, a big hero.

I was passing somewhere,
And I saw a watchman sitting on the roof.
It was such a roof
That it was higher than the sky.

He had a guard-hat on his head.
He wore a guard dress.
But the world asked for mercy
Because of this yelling and screaming.

This watchman was holding a six-cornered mirror.
The situation of six dimensions
Was reflected there.

I was a robber who staged a hold-up.
I desired those jewels.
I wrapped myself up in such shape
That it went beyond guesses and opinions.

Wherever I turned or walked,
I saw a trace of His arrow;
I went beyond six dimensions.
That was the road that had no footprints.

Everything comes from the land of absence.
A trace appears from tracelessness.
I intend to return,
But that road was concealed.

I passed through those six dark curtains
With a trick;
Then I saw the guard with his light.
He was the Sultan of the world.

When I saw the guard of the Sultan's beauty,
I realized that the Sultan is the gardener
And, at the same time, the garden of soul.

Even stone rains like rain from Him.
Don't break the bottle of love.
Because the value of money in your hand
Will be known by the stone of test.

Having a sultan do the guarding was nice,
But at the same time, bizarre.
He was dressed in such worn-out dresses
That it was hard to recognize him.

He dressed with body's garment.
That is His worst dress.
He talked with words.
That is his worst language.

He covered the sun with mud.
He is Venus inside of dirt.
Cemsid⁶⁴ is inside of the mantle.
The treasure is inside of the ground.

He has made revelations in Arabic
Since the beginning of time.
Now He does it in Indian,
Just as though He were Indian.

You suppose earth and sky
Are two pieces of straw in front of Him,
He is earth from body's point of view;
Time is for life.

Eight paradises appeared in front of Him,
From His smile.
He seems like a gift to fools from heaven.

The ones who have gold and silver act big and rich
And offer money to Him,
Suggesting they have gold and talent.
But they don't know He is the source of all.

What excuses can they give
When He shows His face from behind the curtain?
How can they cry for blood when the sun has
clearly risen?

Soul works through bile, blood, semen and sputum.⁶⁵
It affects them. It is among them.

There are many roads that lead to soul from body.
But soul appears in the body.
The soul of the universe
Is the soul that keeps the world young.

Heaven and earth are in motion,
But they have soul.
Even sky goes after Him, as you see.

Help comes to earth, as well as sky,
From the land of reason.
Reason is a bright, clean land
That scatters pearls.

Help comes from attributes
To the bright land of reason.
Help also comes from the Sultan of Sultan's,
Creator of divine attributes,
To the land of existence.

Events, which resemble arrows,
Are passing through in every direction.
The master of this art is hiding the bow.
But arrows are still coming from the bow.

Reason is awake because of God
Who has been eternally alive and active.
The dog does guarding because of the shepherd.

If the dog knows that his skill
Comes from the shepherd,
Its faults are beneficial.
But if it see itself as the shepherd,
All its benefits are faults.

Know Akl-i kül⁶⁶ as a city
And Nefs-i kül⁶⁷ as people.
There, bits and pieces
Think they are like a caravan.

How lucky is this caravan
That reached its destination well and healthy.
It is awarded with many goods
And has received well-being.
Luck is also riding the horse with him.

The messenger who brought the order,
*Come back.*⁶⁸
Gives good news on the road.
He passes the Sultan's greeting
And holds the skirt of soul.

The things that come to mind resemble horseman.
They come quickly from their home.
Or, they are like falcons and ravens
Who have double nests.

But, if your guide is a raven,
You'll end up in the cemetery.
Because the raven's eye is always on a carcass.

If you escape to the owner
Of the secret of, *His eye did not squint*,⁶⁹
The raven will turn into a great falcon,
Because he has an elixir in his mouth
That changes everything to joy.

When the One who gives form
To the raven and the falcon manifests,
You will end up having fame and name.

Joy and sorrow are learned twins from that light.
If he turned his face for one moment,
Everything would be filled with joy.

All the time the particles say, "You are everything."
If they are not behind the curtain,
You will hear what they are saying.

Soul's trees are moving by the wind of such wind!
If that wind blew openly,
Nobody would become tight.
Everybody would be cheerful.

Sounds of bells of the heart's caravan
Are coming to my ear.
If that sound were heard,
Every camel would become the caravan master.

A pearl is dropping from its shell every moment.
Then the shell swallows the pearl again.
If that weren't the case,
The eye of every deaf one
Would become the interpreter for every deaf one.

Shems of Tebriz Suheyl⁷⁰ is shining at Yemen.
If it shines everywhere,
Every false one becomes Taif's⁷¹ leather.

O God's light, Husameddin,
Be a witness like the light.
Have you seen that eye
That doesn't watch the light?

The proof of light is light.
The proof of the Moon is the face of the moon.
The proof of beautifully smelling musk
Is the smell of musk
Which scatters around the world.

If your ear becomes an eye,
You can hear the evidence of light.
But your eye became an ear for him,
And every alphabet turned into a rose garden.

How can you harvest the rose
From the garden of meaning
If you pick one rose from one alphabet?

The book of sense is in the left hand.
The book of reason is in the right hand.
You receive a book from your left side.⁷²
That's why you are out of the door.

Your reasoning is influenced by your senses.
Your right hand has become left.
Changing disposition is not a farce.

My God, You make changes.
You do that all the time.
Tongue resembles swords to explain these changes.

You give existence to absence.
This is better than making changes.
You create light out of the candle,
That they put on the candlestick.

Take the book from my left hand
And give it to the right.
Man is unable to do that,
But you can change left to right.

I don't have the composure that deserves You.
You give it to me.

You could make a piece of straw like a mountain.
The weight of the mountain is not from itself.
It is from You.

The remedy of despair is only a good favor,
Because only if you desire,
A hole in hell can be turned
More beautiful than a hundred paradises.



141.

Verse 1655

If my beloved becomes drunk like yesterday
And causes trouble to this one or the other,
The world becomes a difficult place.
Exuberance spreads to all existence.

O confused mind,
O one who has seen the good and bad of earth,
You ran and escaped from him yesterday.
You are caught with bloody hands today.

A Turk entered the tent.
Is it time to leave that circle of Moon?
O Muslim, who has ever see the Moon
In the sky come down so much?

Jump up like dust on the road.
Come to your senses.
Put your head to the ground.
Death in front of the Beloved
Is better than this cold life.

Go to the tavern without a head.
Drink wine without a glass.
When you ferment foam like wine,
You will go far out of this earth's jar.

I am a slave and servant of that drunk.
He became my glass and my hand.
But, O heart,
How can you be His slave and servant?
You are exactly like him. You are Him.

You cut your hands
Like admiringly shocked women.⁷²
But in the end, you see the face of Joseph.

O hand, don't cry because of this dagger.
You have a pearl in your hand.
It is worth it
To have thousands of birth pains
From Joseph's love.

O heart which has turned into sea, be silent.
Calm down. What a funny, bizarre thing
That even if you are the sea,
You still get caught on a fishhook like a fish.

What is the net of a fox
In front of the paw of a lion?
If your wish to tear that net,
Go and jump in the sea.
You have already reached the sea.

You don't know that you are the one
Who takes the life of the sultan's lions.
You are such a confused lion
That you break your own cage.

Nobody is surprised if a lion breaks its cage.
The question is,
Why did a lion like you stay in the cage?

I keep silent.
O cupbearer, get up
And serve your pure, clean wine.
What a nice time and period we have
That you wear your belt to serve us.



142.

Verse 1668

If you have enough power and strength,
Will you leave one work and start the other one?
If your body was as you say,
You would have a heart like the beauty of beauties.

If heart is involved with work
At the city of love,
Boredom won't come from the outside
And ask you, "What do you do?"

If bairam⁷⁴ doesn't favor you,
Enjoy it with ramadan.⁷⁵
You are away from bairam, but also from sorrow.

Just when you are enlightened
By worshipping and obeying,
You become dark again by rebelling.
Make sure that your helpless heart needs help.

If this poor heart did not need this worship,
It would be on a restful excursion
Beyond faith and blasphemy.

"My soul is like a ruby," you say.
Don't say that. It is not a ruby yet.
Don't deprive it of sunshine.
It is marble. It is rock.

If you throw stones constantly
With the catapult of fasting,
There won't be any stones around
That castle of darkness.

Keep throwing stones with that fasting catapult
To the fortress of disbelief, the tower of darkness.
Demolish that castle to the ground.
If there were a Muslim,
It would be a Muezzin⁷⁶ at the minaret.

What is the feast of sacrifice
For the fearless, great persons?
If everybody knows that, every part of self,
Which resembles an ox,
Will stay to be hung at every slaughterhouse.

If poor heart had seen a piece of a morsel,
It would burn his stomach to calm him
When pouring out his woes.

At the first stage,
Love is against the indulgence of food.
How could one who has fallen in love
Be fond of eating and drinking?

All these are in the world
Of either donkeys or oxen.
They crawl toward love.
If this one were a lover,
He wouldn't constantly eat like that.

If you are immersed in darkness
Because of eating and drinking,
Self would wet your shirt,
Tear your collar like a tyrant.

You kill slowly, slowly, the donkey of the antichrist.
You will see that Jesus, son of Mary,
Is the one who rides the horse.

Fasting is beneficent for you.⁷⁷
If you follow this order
You will hear twice the sound of
I am at your service
Every time you say "My God."



143.

Verse 1683

If it weren't necessary
For me to be engulfed in sorrow,
Falling in love with my beloved,
I would have hundreds of stores,
Hundreds of reasons and precautions.

If my ship of wealth and poverty
Hadn't sunk in the sea,
The sky would become poor
With all its pearls in front of me.

If there were a way to drunks from thought,
Why has reason
Become handless and footless in our love?

If Husrev once touched that Shirin,⁷⁸
Kissed her small finger,
He wouldn't be worried
About either kulah⁷⁹ or kaftan.

If the doctor of love
Gave special Macun⁸⁰ to Calimos,⁸¹
He wouldn't chew so many thorns to collect herbs.

If every mountain
Had the drunkenness of manifestation,
It would be suspended in air like a cloud.

If every Gulyabani⁸² of reflection
Were to go to one side,
Every valley full of beings
Would enjoy pleasures and blessing.

If you kept every one of your promises,
If you honored them,
The beauty who creates the world,
Gives peace and steadiness to heart,
Would also keep His promises.

If that wheat of existence easily became flour,
People's good would remain out of this mill.

If a Hizir⁸³ suddenly wrecked
The ship of our existence,
All the souls would keep swimming in the sea.

The poet praises the sultan.
But if he were aware of himself,
The Sultan would praise the poet.

If God set the broken bones of injured persons,
He would be neither constrained nor sorrowed,
Neither afraid nor expected.

If he sees and feels
The pleasure of the break in that fracture,
He would neither seek salve nor look for a remedy.

There is only that trace from soul in you.
This one is necessary.
The other is not.
If you knew this is needed,
The unnecessary would become necessary.

If you turned a piece of straw at harvest
At the harvest of the great Master,
He would make you amber.

At the top of the sky, the Sufi dances and says,
“Earth would become sky
If it were pure and clean like me.”

Be silent.
The poem stays, meaning flies.
If meaning were to stay,
The world would be filled with meanings.



144.

Verse 1699

If I had a smell,
A color, from the face of Shemseddin,
It would be ashamed
To look at the face of the sun.

If union with that sultan has ceased for one
moment,
Reached that favor,
Heart's glass will be secured from breaking.

If Ilis savage, brutal, drunk separation
Didn't attack and fight everybody,
Our souls wouldn't be able
To separate heads from feet.

O cupbearer of gatherings,
Serve the glass of immortality.
Why doesn't your heart feel sorry for us?
I wonder if it is stone.

Serve that wine to the Sultan.
When he opens his mouth,
He swallows the whole existence.
You think he is an alligator.

Watch the roughness of the sea.
Hear the sound of the waves.
But I wish that sea were wine
And the roaring of it was the sound of the jar.

His wine flows in every direction, just like blood.
If you see it, you will say heart is like Jerusalem,
Blood is as Frenk.⁸⁴

The army of our sultan, who is the sultan of Islam,
Is attacking wave after wave of Frenk at Jerusalem
With the help of God.⁸⁵

I won't become drunk with one cup.
Cupbearer, give me some more
I will fall down if wine is served
With the glass of a playful sultan.

The beautiful sound of the harp
Makes the bells fly.
You may think the beautiful breath of Jesus
Is inside of that harp.

O Tebriz, your image exuberates my mind.
It looks like you are pure wine,
Your image like opium.

The glasses of union which are offered
One after the other
Are like arrows
That are subsequently thrown in holy war.

Reason could split one hair in forty pieces,
But it is confused counting them.

The swiftness of his glass is so much
That even lightning screams.
Glass falls to the ground in front of him
Like a cripple.

He is so great that he keeps searching
For wine in his drunk's brain.
When his drunks are about to beat the lions,
They resemble tigers.

Pour more and more of that divine wine
Into my glass
From the greatest of the great, Shemseddin's sea.
That is the essence of wine and opium.

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145.

Verse 1715

If the kindness of Shemseddin
Reflected on my eyes,
They would open wings to soul's sky.

After my eyes,
My feet also open wings with drunkenness.
But he gave the wing of happiness to that world.

When you step in that world,
You forget your body.
You think one was never born from his mother.

Soul starts dancing like particles
Among beautiful faces.
Sometimes he becomes drunk
With that beautiful face,
At other times, dead drunk with wine.

Those beauties are such soul's beauties
That even the Shah who sees their faces
Becomes tied by the Vizir,
Comes down from his horse and walks on his feet.

If one favor of Shemseddin, to whom everyone
Becomes a slave and servant at his temple,
Reflects to the heart,
All of these will disappear from the face of heart.

As you see, all beauties, all sultans and Moons
Wear the belt of service
And sit at his temple.

If it weren't for the effort from that temple,
His greatness would give everyone
What they are worth, give everyone's share.

Nobody waylays on the road;
No one becomes a vagrant for nothingness,
Hearts of earth's particles are filled
With joy and pleasure from soul to souls.

Every particle of the earth
Would move like wind
If it were to see
Your fiery faces reflecting on the water.

O Tebriz, if every feeling
Were to receive your secrets,
Sencer⁸⁶ would become
A slave and servant to your ground,
Keykubad⁸⁷ become your captive.



146.

Verse 1726

Why have you become frozen on that corner?
Why don't you turn?
I wonder if you say,
"I don't turn except around sorrow."
Where did you get that bad habit?

Since Imran's son Moses came,
Why do you want to be part of the pharaoh?
Since Jesus with powerful breath came,
Why don't you be his follower?

You make an oath with God,
Then you break it because of your weakness.
Why aren't your words and oaths strong,
Like the people who play with their souls?

You are digging a road under the ground
To every kitchen like a rat.
Why don't you turn around this dome like sultans?

Why do you keep yelling
And screaming like door knockers?
Why don't you enter the friend's circle
For one moment?

How could a closed door be opened?
You became an enemy to keys.
How could the wounded be healed?
Why are you turning around the salve?

O my soul, head becomes head
When it is sacrificed to him.
O heart, why don't you be a tuft of hair
For the love of his flag?

Why do you stand in front of the Moon
Like a rainless cloud that has darkened the world?
Why don't you shine on this universe
And enlighten the world?

The pen puts out its hand
If it sees a missing letter in writing.
Why don't you find a missing alphabet
For correction?

The rose garden won't grow,
There won't be roses or sweet basil
If a hand other than your hand plants them.
O face, you have two springs.
Why don't you flow?

The ones that keep going around in the sky
Also keep turning around humans.
I wonder if you are a damned demon
That doesn't bother coming close to humans?

If you don't hide in a corner,
Why don't you be silent?
If you are not Kaabe,
Why don't you be the well of Zemzem?⁸⁸



147.

Verse 1738

O my fire-worshipping heart,
You are like sulfur inside of fire.
Talk to the cupbearer.
Say, "Hurry up." You are already served
Sedimented wine with the first glass.

O cupbearer who bites his lips,
Come and mature raw ones with that wine.
What a beautiful garden and meadow!
What bountiful grapes that you have crushed
And made into wine.

I show you a sign that nobody knows.
O beautiful statue, that is the sign.
Remember, I was not myself that night
When you sent me that Moon-faced one.

O reason, do you remember?
That sultan of mind offered you that fiery wine.
As soon as you drank, you died suddenly.

That beauty brought two basins.
One is full of fire, the other has gold.
When you pick up gold, it turns to fire.
If you reach to the fire, you will pick up gold.

See that unruly cupbearer,
Pick up that beautiful fire.
But you wouldn't know the value of that fire.
You are a tiny baby here.

You are fond of fire
Because of Shems of Tebriz.
But if you incline toward gold,
You will be frozen like gold.

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148.

Verse 1745

If you are happy and content without me,
Why have you chased me
And held me with hundreds of traps?
If you desire and want me, why are you so harsh?
Why don't you smile?

The one who drinks sugar juice in sugar land,
Glass by glass,
Won't be satisfied by nine-year old vinegar.

Since you have become a shape,
That the moon and rose will envy,
Since you sow the seed of hope to hearts,
It is not worth it for your beauty to give us up.

How beautiful was your drunkenness!
You took an oath with me and said,
"You are like a relative, a friend,
And at the same time, you are a son to me.

You remember you were offering
Glasses of ecstasy's wine, one after the other,
Reminding us with hundreds of kindnesses,
"You are still sober. Your mind is still in your head."

Greetings to you, O hodja.
What is your excuse now?
You are neither sea nor the heart of sea,
Neither cupbearer nor acting like our master.

You are neither garnet nor coral,
Nor the place of heart and soul.
You are neither meadow nor rose garden,
Nor the mine of sugar and honey.

I'll keep silent on one condition.
Give me wine with silence
And I'll give advice to you with my stupidity,
Stupidity, because you don't listen to advice.



149.

Verse 1753

Tonight, my broken heart
Drank a glass of old wine
Offered by the cupbearer.

Sleep has no business,
No power to keep us under his influence.
Tonight he favors lovers,
He is kind to them.

Women don't sleep a night
When they are in mourning.
They keep crying.
You are a hero and a lover.
Why are you helpless to sleep?

O heart, since you put the chessboard
On the ground,
Keep turning around that king
Like a pawn afraid to be checkmated.

I need a companion for sleep,
But I don't feel sleepy.
My disposition is out of hot and cold.



150.

Verse 1758

If this clay body of ours
Had wings like our heart and soul,
It would fly over the desert and come to Tebriz.

Fly, O heart!
You have wings. Fly there.
Because you are sick, you'll be healed in a minute
When he shows his face.

What would we do if poor heart
Were as heavy as body?
He wouldn't feel sorry
If that beauty offered him wings.

A pity. I wish my heart
Had also acquired half-wings from his offer.
It would breeze on the road and reach,
Even pass, the people from Tebriz.

I pray to God that this journey
Will be happy and successful for them,
In every city where they arrive.
Every desert they pass and every river they cross.

My heart became their company
To guard them at night.
But if his sorrow were to appear,
None of them could sleep at night.

Fly that way, O Sultans,
Fly and find all that are worthy.
Separate copper from elixir, Eyaz from Mahmud.⁸⁹

Go, O God's lover's.
Go by reaching eternal glory.
Walk toward the burc⁹⁰ of happiness like the Moon.

Go to the sign of the one
Who is in love with the sultan.
Go with the truths on the road,
Because searchers always stay away
From rejects and cold ones.

Fly secretly, O heart.
Fly with the wings of soul.
If the Sultan didn't want it,
You wouldn't be able to open your wings like that.

His kindness is generous.
He keeps His promise.
If He weren't the creator,
He wouldn't pick you up from among all creatures.

He is beyond light and smoke,
But he puts up such a fire
That reason is a light from that fire
And air is smoke.

O heart, you have such apprehension
That you cannot separate light from smoke.
Burn like aloe wood in fire with the love of his light.

Since you are not from the children of Nemrud,⁹¹
You don't have to be bound by fire and smoke.
You are the son of Abraham.
Don't be afraid of Nemrud's smoke.

O my soul, stay in fire for awhile,
Like soft iron.
Without fire, the face of the mirror
Wouldn't become polished.

Difficult tasks will be carried easily
With the light of a good-hearted person,
Just like the iron became soft
By the candle in the hand of David.⁹²



151.

Verse 1774

If I had gold and silver,
I would have lots of friends.
If my beloved were poor and didn't care for gold,
I wouldn't have sorrows and troubles.

My God, for the sake of saints,
Have him pass through the world.
He would be so valuable for me
If he didn't care for this world.

My beautiful, if you want me,
If you have some trouble like mine,
If you go the same way,
Don't worry. I have such a great destiny.

O beauty, you are a beautiful charmer.
Give up acting with such poor appearance.
If you are content,
Luck will be a slave and servant to us.

Even close ones look strange to a person
Because of greed. If a person didn't have greed,
Everybody would look
Like an uncle and cousin to him.

Come, O moon-faced one, be like us.
Don't ask for either blessings or glory.
If the devil were like that,
He would become a sultan with a flag.

He would quit being Satan.
Even bad words would sound like praise.
He would accept cruelty like loyalty,
Even illness would become a favor to him.

Absence is such a kingdom,
Ecstasy is such a secret
That if you knew all,
Existence would become non-existent.

The world is nothing. We are nothing.
We and the world
Are nothing but dreams and images.
Even fact is like that. We still keep struggling.
If a person who is asleep knew he was sleeping,
He wouldn't be afraid of his nightmares.

One sees himself in the dungeons of sorrow,
Others in the garden of Eden.
If they woke up, neither jail
Nor the garden of eden would remain.



152.

Verse 1784

If his rose cheeks smile from that rose-garden,
Spring of soul will come back again.
The sapling of body will start smiling again.

If the one who becomes soul
To the soul of soul were to show his face,
My body would turn into soul with his kindness;
My soul would keep smiling.

If lights of hundreds of Firedevs⁹³
Were to say, "Hey, I came as a guest."
This house would become Firedevs.
Rose gardens would smile.

If the one who knows about the whole
Were to open his mouth and start talking,
Dead bodies would come back to life
To laugh, to stammer.

If the beloved of beloveds
Were to appear with deceits,
Souls would have art and talents
And laugh at every art and talent.

If he smiled openly,
Curtains would be torn with that love,
And an uproar would come to earth;
Secrets would be revealed.

If the sultan of beauty appeared,
All the kaftans of beauty
Would smile down to their skirts.

If that Moon of hundreds of skies
Suddenly were to start harvest,
Joy would become ears of corn
At the threshing place and keep turning.

If he were to do a favor and open the eyes of soul,
Even kindness would dress as a shape,
And the hardest form would start to smile.

If the Sultan of Sultans, the Khan of Khans,
Were to do a favor for the poor,
He would become a treasure
And laugh at the treasures.

If the wine of ruby lips
Were to show his face from the veil of absence,
Beauty would become a little bit drunk
And laugh at even the most beautiful.

If ruby lips were to offer pearls of wisdom,
Even marble would turn into garnet
And laugh at the mine.

If that tyrant who kills lovers
Were to mix with love and pity,
Milk would flow from the granite mountain,
And every metal would laugh at it, including iron.

If a Zal were ever reach to the look of Rustem,⁹⁴
I swear to God, he would laugh at Rustem
Who penetrates the line of the enemy.

When that war lion shows bravery,
Men and women laugh at drunken lions.

If the royal cupbearer were to offer
The wine of friendship one after the other,
Even the glass would become drunk
And start laughing with the wine inside.

For every one who kisses the hand
Of Shems of Tebriz,
His life becomes immortal,
And he keeps laughing at death.

If his river of security were to appear,
Everyone would look for war with heroes.
They would hate comfort
And laugh at the land of security.

153.

Verse 1802

☾ Moon, follow me for one moment.
Accept me as a sultan, a basbug.⁹⁵
Even if I show reproach and intolerance,
Nod your head. Say yes.

Put me on your throne.
Kneel down in front of me.
Make a sultan.
Run in front of me like Silahdar.⁹⁶

My sultan, you are a lion, I am a fox.
For a little while, let's change.
You become me. I will become you.
When the fox catches the lion,
All the world will say,
"What a nice hunting
That only the peerless sultan has!"

Such unseen, gentlemanly behavior!
Who will give up his throne and crown
Except someone who has a throne and crown?

You have given so many favors
That I am tempted to ask for more,
Like Moses who heard God's words
And wanted to see his face: Just like that.

A handful of dirt from the rose garden
Became the property of the gardener.
In fact with that favor, everything
Comes from the ground,
Every carcass comes back to life.

You are a sultan without a throne
Solomon without a ring.
You are the Moon.
That sky is like an upside-down basin
At your temple.

Akl-i kül⁹⁷ is nothing
But a new, young student at your temple.
What does he have in front of your knowledge?
Just his beard and turban.

Moses and Aaron,⁹⁸ who have spoken with God,
Are always better
Than the gold and belongings of Kaarun.⁹⁹
It is not proper to sell union
For money and property.

Thank God, for me, the circle of the Moon
And pieces of straw are all the same.
I cannot differentiate one barley grain from kantar.¹⁰⁰

The dog of Ashab-i Kehf¹⁰¹ turned wild.
Attacking, it became better than lions.
I am drunk. It is not time to break the ties.
I keep silent.

O heart, since you are seeing, quit talking.
Don't act like you appear beautiful.
Come to your senses
That get a bridal curtain from that satin.



154.

Verse 1814

You open the curtain of your eyes.
The One who leads His servant at night
Is free of fault.
You show your face.
The One who leads His servant at night
Is free of fault.

You become love's wine, ferment and foam.
You pass out of yourself at that side,
Lose your mind.
The One who leads His servant at night
Is free of fault.

You put a crown to the head of soul's head.
You lead the heart to Mirac.¹⁰²
You raise him from both worlds.
The One who leads His servant at night
Is free of fault.

Heart flies, passes deserts and valleys,
Goes in front of all souls.
Suddenly you come in front of him.
The One who leads His slave at night
Is free of fault.

You give a place to the one whom you raised
And carry him to the land of absence.
The One who leads His slave at night
Is free of fault.

I am so happy because You are with us.
My heart flies in every moment
And tears the dress of patience.
The One who leads His slave at night
Is free of fault.

I run away from six directions,
Stay at your temple.
You are most beautiful, captivate hearts
The One who leads His slave at night
Is free of faults.

Run to the heights, O heart.
Run to Selahaddin,
Because you have no hands and feet.
The One who leads His servant at night
Is free of fault.

He gives soul to souls,
Made the heart to play.
He adds love to absence.
The One who leads this servant
Is free of souls.



155.

Verse 1823

I would say Mashallah¹⁰³
So the evil eye won't harm.
You are the same. You always have been.
Bu what a beauty this is!
You don't look the same all the time.
You have a different beauty today.

If I say you are the beauty before,
Heart will be burned.
If I say you are the soul of all time,
Soul will be burned.

If you enter dancing
And shaking your sleeve like that all the time,
The firmament will tear
His sky-colored mantle right to the bottom.

If you were to remove *me* from the room like before,
You would attain *nice privacy* and understanding.

Cry, O excited nightingale.
You brought a new, fiery tune.
You don't read the letter of the rose
As you did before.



156.

Verse 1828

○ friend who is close to soul and heart,
How do you deem what is proper at this distance?
You threw the soul who was born by your union
To separation.
How do you deem that this is proper?

I acquired a bitter seed.
It is good neither to eat nor to sow.
How can you deem it is proper for this bitterness
Even when you have so much sweetness?

You are such a light
That you will extinguish the fire of hell
With your water.
Is it proper to burn my heart like that?

Assuming I eat an apple in heaven like Adam,
Is it proper for you to take my dress of union?
Leave me naked like that.

I am in blood in the battle of separation,
Wounded in my soul just like
The war between Kharezm and Gor.¹⁰⁴
Is it proper for you to do that?

“Your life has been spared for me.
You are the favor of light’s Kible,” you said.
Is it proper for you to torture me
After such pardon and covering of my sin?

O my Moon-faced one, how do you deem it proper
That the eyes that have seen your bright eyes
Will become blind by the spell of evil eyes?

Now, you are David's son Solomon
In the world of love. God saves.
You wouldn't hurt even an ant.

You are such Shems that your light
Covers all the light.
Even in a situation like that,
You left and returned to Tebriz.
Is it proper for you to do that?



157.

Verse 1837

Who cast a spell on you that makes you frown?
Didn't I tell you not to hang around people
Who are gloomy?

Someone read a spell full of poison to your ear,
Gave news of sickness from a heart full of grief.

Recognize that bitter face, the frowning one.
When you see him, stay away from him.
Why do you stop and talk to him?

Since you have seen the color,
There is no need to taste sea water.
If you drink it, it will taste like poison.

Beauties and charmers of earth run away
Like partridge on the mountain.
They got scared and assumed bad ideas.

If you want to empty your stomach
Of that spoiled meat,
I'll give you medicine to relieve you.
But don't eat anything you find, next time.

O homeowner, offer a glass made of fire.
Warm me. Purify me, as well as this running river.

Put us in better shape. Feed us.
If we want to return, put us back on the road,
Because we have been hurt and damaged.
Help us.

Offer the glass for which we have been longing.
We don't deny that. It is obvious.
For what they have done to us,
The time has come for revenge.

Serve us with the cup of my eyes.
My soul and my flesh would be sacrificed.
In fact, you are the second flood.
You enliven me with your rains.

Turn my lights on.
Put my keys in my hands.
Change me from one situation to the other
With your generous hand.
Lead me.¹⁰⁵

If I mention Your name in farsi, Arabs beg for me.
If I praise you in Arabic, the farsi start crying.

You put a different chain on my neck,
Early every morning.
What a nice necklace that is.
What an honor to carry this necklace.

If you put a collar on the neck of a dog,
It becomes sultan to the whole lions.
If you give color to a Negro,
He becomes a person from the land of Rum.
Yes, he becomes a Rum.¹⁰⁶

O cupbearer who offers sagrak,¹⁰⁷
O stone-hearted friend,
Are you going to make me broke
And inflict trouble on me,
Or make my name known to the world,
As, He who makes lots of donations?

Both Arabic and Turkish
Have purified men with your glass.
Offer coffee that will save me
From trouble and ease.¹⁰⁸

Perhaps I saw a Sultan of Arabia
In my dream last night.
Is it a place to sleep and dream?
I keep seeing his face when I am awake.



158.

Verse 1854

○ wise one,
Every night climb to the roof and yell.
You are the attractive falcon of heart's pigeons.

Souls whose feet are tied will be free
From body's bondage because of you.
Frozen hearts will melt like rivers
Because of your heat.

So many flowers,
So many hearts have been hidden
In the ground waiting for rain.
Call them by yelling.

Contrary to this autumm, this winter,
Give spring to this heart's garden
So fall and winter will become blind.
Give wings to this crippled garden so it will fly.

Yell from the top, *come*.
Make the poor thorn smile
Like a smiling rose garden.
You are the cupbearer of lands.¹⁰⁹

I have a heart full of fire.
Sprinkle water nicely,
Not from the fountain, not from the river,
But from you.

I will be sacrificed to the ground you walk on.
Don't stop me to kiss your lips tonight.
Come, O beauty, whose manner and customs
Are beautiful. Move around with soul.

Since you took my sleep tonight,
At least don't take away my drunkenness.
You are a powerful sultan.
You offer reasons. You are wise.

Why did you take my sleep away?
You did this for my benefit.
You are a hidden treasure.
You are planning to reveal that treasure.

What nice, sweet insomnia.
It is better than the nesrin¹¹⁰ rose.
In sweetness, it is better than honey and sugar.

For the sake of your pure soul, O cupbearer,
Don't be rebellious tonight.
Because there is no patience left in the soul
That has been burned with longing.

Come, O my friend.
We go from one window to the other until morning,
Because that one who took my sleep
Keeps coming and going.

Even the whirling sky became jealous
Of this turning.
Because this is the essence; the other is shell.
This is brilliance; the other is just fire.

Night and day are so short for me
With that drunkenness.
I am free from day and night
With this drunkenness.

Be my close friend, O my sultan.
Against Satan, be my friend and see beautiful faces.
Scratch their heads.

You are my sultan tonight,
Beautiful charmer,
Just the way heart desires.
Give a healing hand.
Get me out of this well.

I drank the watchman's wine.
That's why I keep turning around the roof.
If you want to drink wine,
You also keep turning around me.

If you hang around with His drunks,
You also become drunk and turn into gold.
If you are feet, you change to head.
If you are mute, you start to talk.

There are waves in my heart.
I am scratching the head of the diver,
But where is the skirt of understanding
To scatter pearls?

I am full of sorrow and trouble,
But I still keep my mouth closed.
My God, increase my patience in that fire.



159.

Verse 1874

My heart turned into a pen
In the hand of the Beloved.
He is writing the alphabet of *ze*¹¹¹ tonight.
He will write *ri*¹¹² tomorrow.

He sharpens the pen to write rik'a, nesih¹¹³
And other styles of writing.
The pen says, "Who am I? I surrender to you."

Sometimes He darkens the face of the pen.
Sometimes He rubs it in His hair.
Sometimes He holds it upside-down.
Sometimes He does some work with it.

He cuts the head of earth with one of His writings.
He leaves without head.
With one writing
He saves a great man from trouble.

Fame of the pen depends on the fame of the writer.
It doesn't matter if it's in the hand
Of the sultan or the master.

He split the head of the pen.
He is the only One who knows.
Calinus¹¹⁴ is the one who knows
How to make a patient well.

The pen neither knows how to appreciate,
Nor could it deny with its wishes.

I call him either pen or flag.
He has no mind, but he has intelligence.
He is an insane, sane one.

He cannot be praised by reason.
He assembles opposites.
He was not completed by unification of the parts.
He is the total of the parts.
He is an amazing thing.
He doesn't have will power.
He does whatever he wants.



160.

Verse 1883

*L*ook at my face.

I am not the same *me* you have seen before.

Watch the sea of sweetness.

See the wave which scatters pearls.

Who could escape from the hand of God?

Who could avoid the fishhook of God?

Where is the day of resurrection?

It should come to see this uproar, this confusion.

One of his hands seems like it is open,

The other is closed.

Since there is no way to be free from either one,

You may as well start the journey. Go.

You are smiling sweetly like Jesus.

You also see His laughter like sugar.

If you wear a belt like Moses,

You do it at the top of the mountain.

You become a servant to every despicable man

Under the roof of this sky.

For once, come to the quarter of our Beloved

And watch the roof and door.

I was asking the branch of the rose,

“Why do you hang around this stock hole?

Go to the garden of soul

And see fresh flower branches.”

I was telling the plant Mercury,
“You are boasting
Of your greatness, your superiority.
Break your pen,
Then hear the news from the sugar cane.”

I was also saying to the ear of Venus,
“Your ears are reddened because of wine.
Put your head inside of the Sultan’s assembly
And see how the love of head is.”

You have a hundred tongues, like irises.
But you still give up this yell. Be silent.
Receive the news of the silent ones
From the tight-lipped bud.



161.

Verse 1892

There is no courage in the head of the one
Who throws his turban when he gets excited.
How could the bazaar prosper with profits
That consist only of words?

Leave the person who has a disposition like a wolf
Alone.

This kind of prey isn't worth hunting.
Give up looking for profit.
This business isn't worth the attempt.

What's the use of gold, soul, pearl and coral
As long as they are not spent
And sacrificed for one beautiful Beloved?

If I put on a gold necklace with my greed,
It will become an iron chain.
If I put on a golden anklet,
It will become a thorn.

Go away, O branch that has no fruit.
Keep turning for nothing, like the sky.
You become gold's guard.
Curl up like a snake.

You call this red-gold,
But it is pale, sick and withered.
You call him the town's rich,
But he doesn't have pants to wear.

Why shouldn't I sacrifice my silver to the ones
Who are afflicted by my illness like heroes?
Why shouldn't a sick one drink me,
Like a healing sherbert?

The harp has become a friend
To the heart of every troubled one,
Become nourishment
To the ear with every string,
Every bow's movement.
Am I, then, inferior to a harp?

The spring of generosity is gushing out
Of the heart of marble and granite.
O beloved, learn charity from marble and granite.

What kind of master are you?
Even stones are ashamed of you.
How could the one who became a slave to self,
Which is nothing but a dog,
Be considered God's lion?

I'll keep silent,
Because God brings secret things to the open.
Although He covers faults,
He shows their ugly branches.



162.

Verse 1903

The master of heart tells you constantly,
“If you have a heart, be a lover.
Be disgusted with bread and dresses.”

If you have a scarcity of bread,
Love will become bread for you.
If your turban gets lost,
Love becomes a turban for you.

Watch and see,
Angels and souls are flying in this blue sky
Without bread and without dresses.

When you give up this bread, this oven,
When you become free from them,
Another idea of world comes to you.
You will cry for that.

If you are fond of bread,
The beloved of soul comes and tells you,
“You might as well be the friend of bread.
Make love to it. I cannot be a friend of yours.”

Love's master sprang water from rock to us.
O my friend, don't get this ox's hunger
And act like an ox with an ox appetite.

Words have been accumulating in the heart,
Every one of them begging me,
“Let me go out first so I can rest for a while.”

O owner of the house,
I have seen the beauty of my neighbor.
Put a fire between us,
So his light will extinguish my fire.¹¹⁵

When I start saying things in Arabic,
He asks my ear in farsi,
“Have I made a mistake in service
That you don’t turn you face this way?”

O my Moon-faced one,
You haven’t done anything wrong.
But His grace offers a different rose to every garden
In order to save them from embarrassment.

He has slaves from the land of Rum.
He has negro slaves.
He shows Rum’s face one time,
The next time, the Turks.

The Rum servant is a joy.
The Negro servant is sorrow.
One moment He gives power to this.
The next moment he gives order
To control the other.

The one’s night is the other’s day,
His separation of the other’s union.
He keeps serving glasses for health and sickness.

Until your time comes,
Don’t carry wheat away from this mill,
Because you will see so many mills
That won’t have water.

O my beauty, I say only the shell of the words.
You say the essence,
So that sea will learn to scatter pearls.



163.

Verse 1918

Since you are my drunk,
O my soul, don't worry about the trouble you have.
Since you are my gazelle,
O my soul, don't worry about the male lion.

Why do you think about days and months,
O my Moon face, as long as I am here?
As long as you have my longing, my exaltation,
Why do you worry about evil and confusion?

Since you become the source of sugar cane,
Why do you make a sour face?
Since love's burak¹¹⁶ became submissive to you,
Why do you care about the donkey of death?

Why do you bemoan coldly,
While I am so warm to you?
Since you ascend to the roof of sky,
Why do you care about wet and dry?

You heard my voice.
You saw me heal others.
You watch me jumping rope.
Why do you care about the wheel of fortune?

Why do you hang on to this shape
And are afraid of becoming meaningless?
Why are you worried about losing a pearl
While sitting in an armchair made of pearls?

O Joseph, who could escape
From your hand, your hook?
All Egypt is your drunk.
Why do you worry about the blind and deaf?

You are a friend of the cave¹¹⁷ to heart.
You are the light of four friends.
Since you have Zulfekaar,¹¹⁸
Why do you bother with that dagger?

All gardens and meadows are yours.
Keep eating those sugars.
What would happen if they closed the doors?
Closed doors don't bother you.

You have seen your own work.
Watch your arms and wings,
Understand your fame and honor.
Why do you care for every dishonest,
Disreputable person?

O one who became soul to the Soul of souls,
Who became soul to guests, O Sultan of sultans,
What do you care for Sencer?¹¹⁹

Be silent like a fish.
Dive nicely to that sea.
Since you are at the bottom of the sea,
Why do you care about fire?



164.

Verse 1930

For the sake of conversation,
For the sake of friendship,
Don't mention the words
I said yesterday to the beloved
When I was not quite myself.

For God's sake, if that moon face
Should hear them suddenly what would he do?
What would he say in the darkness of night?
Only he, himself, knows.

If reason is not at home,
The story becomes confused.
It falls down sometimes, comes up others.
It battles sometimes, cries other times.¹²⁰

If they scatter my exuberance to the universe,
You won't be able to see one person.
Everybody will lose their mind.

O reason, do you keep pouring apprehension
On me?
O cloud, do you keep raining bitter wine
On my vineyard?

O Muslim, O Muslim, protect your hearts.
Stay away from my circles.
Neither look at me nor try to please me.

165.

Verse 1936

I resemble a sick falcon.
I remain on earth because of illness.
I am neither the same race as the earthly
Nor able to fly.

When I remember the hand of the sultan,
A fire starts in my heart.
I don't have power in my wings to fly.
My wings won't help me.

O poor falcon,
What are you doing among the ravens?
You close your eyes to love.
You become a trouble maker.

How could love be hidden
When heart burns with flames,
Especially when tears come from eyes,
Like running fountains?

The greatness and pleasures of love
Are enough for you.
How could bitterness and contemptibility
Manifest as long as love exists?

Your love would put you at the top of the alphabet,
Even if you don't have anything like *elif*,¹²¹
Because you have the most essential thing.

Immortal pleasures are in the heart of lovers.
The reason why they cry and moan
Is to be saved from evil eyes.

The lover's body has fallen to the ground
With crying and moaning like sick ones.
Yet, the Moon with all of its agility
Cannot find a trace of his dust.

You may see the lover as heedless,
But he burns and tears every curtain,
Every moment with intelligence.

He tears his suit, burns his caftan.
When he embraces the beloved,
He wants to be undressed from all of them.
He prepares himself for the Beloved's arm.

The thief steals all his belongings
Except the Beloved.
But, in reality, he is the one who does that.
He is the one who steals from the thief.

He wants to be alone at the house of union,
That's why he has preoccupied them with work.
He tricks them so he can be alone
With the Beloved.

You have layer, upon layer
Of knowledge and reasons.
But you don't know that.
You are out of the cave, but you are happy.
You think you are in it.

Your soul is frightened to death
If you see how far you are from Ashab-i Kehf,¹²²
How estranged you are from them.

You haven't been able to get the smell
Of even one alphabet from the symbol of heart.
O one who reads the Koran, you are Hafiz,¹²³
You are an expert, you are a master,
But this is just like that.

They keep you so far away
That you become an axis for the millstone.
You are unable to join the work of the workless;
To start doing something without return.

They give you new work every moment.
They play every trick
So they don't leave you by yourself.

You fall into fame sometimes and lust in others.
Sometimes you become a commandant to soldiers.
Sometimes you are tied by the rope of lordship.

It would be a pity and shame to your soul
If the master of masters Shemseddin
Wouldn't help your soul with one alm from Tebriz.



166.

Verse 1956

Don't kick this poor patient from your temple,
Because his illness has gone beyond the limit.
He can't cry and moan anymore.

His silence is not because his troubles are over.
His strength, his patience are depleted.
That's why he is silent.

It is time to feel pity,
To spare him, cry for him.
You are his heart-catching friend.
Say some words to catch his heart.

Because friends' cries
Are the ones which calm patients,
There is no room for anything here but your cry.

When these cries are mixed with each other,
This becomes the remedy of that trouble.
Then that fairy feels pity
And doesn't hurt him anymore.

Suddenly he does a favor, he comes.
"Hey," he says, "I came as a guest to you."
The tent of the poor becomes a place
Where sugars rain and cheer and joy grow.

The hangover of separation is over.
The master of ceremony comes, sits,
And starts serving glasses according to the rule.

The essence of lovers flies toward the star, Saturn.
They all step on the air.
That fiery ball spreads everywhere.

Those drunks ascend to the sky of soul,
And everywhere rivers of wine flow.

What a migration that is!
What a journey! What fate! What glory!
I said this without being aware.
O my friend, do you know that?

A armor has no place there.
Weapons become worthless.
Our sultan's overpowering cruelty
Burns and destroys everything.

Fear disappears from its fear.
Security is ashamed
After seeing his favor of safety.
Only bad things and impostors remain
In front of his candle of knowledge.

But the skirt of his kindness feels sorry for them
And quickly covers them.

Somewhat in that fashion, even the enemy's eyes
See the kindness of the greatest of the great,
God's Shems of Tebriz,
After neither blasphemy nor denial remain.

All the opposites get new dresses
From his favor, receive many goods.
They will disappear eventually with their shame.

They will find new existence once more
After annihilation.
They will grow in the garden of absence,
Like a rose from the thorns.

When they open their eyes,
They see the face of love.
It is total knowledge, total kindness, patience,
And it totally covers guilt.



167.

Verse 1973

O beauty, who is life to the soul;
Why have you made this universe your home?
Soil doesn't talk on the road.
Stones have no intelligence.

Why does poison give bitterness?
Why does the thorn hurts?
Why is hard so angry?
Why is night dark?

One day I wondered,
Looking at his face that resembles a rose garden,
How can a thorn act like a thorn in this world
During His time?

Perhaps, it covered its face because of jealousy,
Didn't want to see anybody,
Didn't desire anyone to appear.

Perhaps, the world's eyes are not good.
It sees that fiery face double.
It hides its face
Because it is unable to see his charm.

Only the ugly face's eyes would see ugly dusses.
Otherwise, that beauty shouldn't dress
In an unsightly way.

The garment of charm is ashamed
By the nakedness of his grace and cleanliness.
It sweats like a river because of its shame.

He is hidden from all eyes because of His charm.
But still, His eyes shine with kindness
And manifest everywhere.

Still His kindness reached.
But He closed his eyes, hid his face.
For that reason, eyes have been deprived
Of seeing and watching him.

But, that invisible light offers you wine
Every moment,
Tells you that "Awakening is in ecstasy."

The most beautiful ones don't make coquetry.
They don't care for coyness.
But there are thousands of deceptions in their love.

You try to reach him with your body and soul.
Be careful, don't be ignorant
If you find a soul in your soul.

Don't look for him either in the front or back,
Or in the sky. Look for Him in your heart.
Don't you see that?
You are the meadow and rose garden, in your sleep.

What do you know? What do you see?
Do you remember the garden
You saw in your dream?
You are in this garden when you are awake.

If you open your soul's eye,
You will see the land of soul.
If you turn your face to the sultan,
You become a child on the journey.

What a sultan his is! I won't tell His name.
I'll only give a sign of His attributes.
If you are smart, you'll understand from examples.

But I don't want the mind
Who looks for a hat instead of a head,
Because of its greed and banality.

Leave the hat, search for the head.
The mystery will be known by the head
That sits at the assembly of secret.
You are drunk. Keep looking at that side.

You are drunk with a special glass.
Secret things will be seen, one by one,
With its clarity.
What Moon faces will appear
Behind the curtains in that concealed land?

You see a most beautiful mountain
On every Moon face.
This mountain is the sign of service to that sultan,
Who has no peer for heart catching.

The greatest of the great, Shemseddin,
Has surpassed the beauty of men as well as djinn.
What a Tebriz this is!
It rains tears to every cloud like the sea.

168.

Verse 1996

My eyes start shedding blood after the separation
Of the greatest of the great, Shemseddin.

O bright sun, don't try to get out from his order.
Otherwise you will be eclipsed forever.

O cloud, if you see the look of his narcissus eyes,
You will rain Abi-hayat¹²⁴
Instead of water, scatter pearls.

If fire could see his kindness in its dream,
It would turn into a rose garden
And lose its burning character.

When they paired the souls,
They ordered no soul would mix with his soul.
That way he stayed alone, by himself.

His soul is so pure, so light
That it became an order to other souls
To stay away because of their shame.

Souls cannot even forbid the ones
Who were born from his soul.
Bricks cannot make edging for a garment.

The person who receives a smell from him
And says, "I am the only one in the world,
Nobody else,"
Would shed blood
If he had a smell from his position.

Come, O Akl-kül.¹²⁵
Come with me to watch his fame and glory
Behind the sea of soul,
But only on one condition: Don't run away.

It is such a sea that it is where
Hearts become hearts, souls become Soul.
Everything acquires existence from that.
Yet, he passed beyond that sea.

O Kaabe, I entrust you to God.
God protects you, O Beyful Mamur.¹²⁶
When you hear the name of Tebriz,
You will rise quickly in order to honor him.

O reason and understanding,
If you say you have seen,
Then you are still awake, by yourself.
You don't have any inspiration or common sense.



169.

Verse 2008

What would happen if a nice-voiced parrot
Who gives good news
Should come to us every day?

It would hurt the soul of the ignorant,
But sing beautiful melodies to the ones
Who are longing, like musicians.

The morning breeze would accompany the parrot
For that sultan,
Who is peerless in cleanliness and understanding.

At that time, a fresh new joy
Would be born from his beauty.
The firmament, who has reached your union,
Would once more ride a horse.

When the one I rely on, my supporter,
Shows his face suddenly,
You should see the coward's mind.
He tries to resist with love's feet
And, at the same time, dance with his head.

Believer and non-believer,
They all fall in love with him.
They start crying, and everybody become truthful.
No impostor remains.

Nature's ears hear hidden secrets.
Closed eyes are opened
By using the dust of his feet as a salve.

The bazaar of Moon face is closed
Because of that Moon face.
The door to the drinking place is open,
Also because of the Moon face.

Witty union tells a secret to the ear of separation
So that his dark, black night will become brighter.

Grief and sorrow will be gone
From the soul of the people.
The life which came to an end,
Starts to drink and have pleasure again.

The souls who have sunk to the bottom
Of the sea of the dead, the water of absence
Come to the surface and become healthy.
They swim like ducks and geese.

Nobody would talk bad to you
Besides the talker of zeal.
Nobody would inform against you
Besides his dark, black hairs, which smell of musk.

All these souls are burning like dry wood
With your love.
No one would talk bad to people
Because of jealousy.

O my beauty, send a ray of light from your face,
So all the heart will be put in order.
Neither regret nor greed will remain.

O God is mine, O Shems of Tebriz,
There is a pruning hook on my pale face
For your union.



170.

Verse 2023

What would happen if you were
Mixed with me like honey and milk?
Honey doesn't stay away from milk.
You shouldn't either.

Beloved, if I don't deserve you,
I would deserve with greatness.
Even if I am nobody, if I am nothing,
I will get something, become of someone
Because of you.

A grain which contains your nutrient
Turns into pearl.
If you oppose, even Kafdag,¹²⁷ becomes a grain.

We are all heart.
Plants are growing from us
With the water of remembrance,
The wind of breath.
If you didn't give us a thought,
How come one rose smiles or cries?

Make the rose garden smile.
Give a decree to its hand,
Saying, "O garden, you are saved
From the calamities of autumm."

You give life to the rose
In the form of water sometimes.
At other times, you hang on a branch like the wind.

You are a tree whose roots are at the top,
Its branches hanging down.¹²⁸
That's just the opposite of other trees.
Their roots are in the ground, their branches up.

Sometimes you say to the ear of the sky,
"You have fallen into my ayran."¹²⁹
I am the soul of the universe,
How could you escape from soul?"

"Sometimes I tie your feet like a camel
And make you sit.
Sometimes I untie your feet. Then you get up."

"Don't cry, O camel.
Be silent. Look at me.
Although you are the source of understanding,
I will give you a new kind of understanding."

"You are a candle. I am fire.
When I cover you nicely, half of you burns.
The other half melts."

Don't be satisfied with everything that burns.
Like a moth, burn your head.
How can you talk against a candle
While you are in this dark corridor?

If your head is like the drunk's head,
Get rid of the hat and try to find a head.
The scarecrow in the garden also has a hat,
But it doesn't have a head.

Head is for the one who puts his head with Him.
Because of agility and quickness,
Even the thorn became a peer to the rose.
Are you lower than the thorn?

Whatever you look for, search in His mine.
Because gold is obtained from gold, tin from tin.



171.

Verse 2038

One who became soul to the Soul of souls,
Since you are seeing, why do you ask?
O one who became essence
To the essence of essence,
Since you are with us, why are you afraid?

Free yourself from *impossible*, *why* and *what*.
Come wherever I pull you.
In the end, I will take you to God
Who is devoid of imperfection.
Of course, you were born in the house of luck.

Why do you talk about rules
And believe in nonsense?
Why do you look for race and kind?
You are this race, this kind.

If you leave this and that
And hold on to the skirt of soul,
You will be free from everything.
You will be considered as neither genie nor human.



172.

Verse 2042

☾ Moon, born by my beloved,
Warm him and tell him, "I love you."¹³⁰
O wind, blow his hair and say,
"I love you."

You are totally sugar, completely halva,
Regardless of whether you are here or there.
Whether you come or not,
"I love you."

I don't hear the blame.
I am not too weak to ask.
Love is not a toy. You should really come.
"I love you."

Even if they bury me in the ground,
I give my heart to you.
You are still my beloved.
Even if they raise me to the sky,
"I love you."

If I climb to the top of the mountain like monks,
I still look for your love.
If I dive to the bottom of the sea,
I still love you in that sea.

The dungeon turned into a meadow
Because of your favor, O my sultan.
Because of the light of your favor, O my Moon face,
I love you at this meadow.

Since I became drunk when I saw him,
I washed both my hands from shame.
I go on his way and say,
“I love you.”

A beautiful, bright, peaceful charmer
Keeps fighting with me.
O tears, flow toward him and tell him,
“I love you.”

Every soul is searching for you
To kiss your feet.
Nobody dares to ask you to come here.
“I love you.”

You get mad when you hear me.
I would be lonely and alone if you come late.
“I love you.”

Smile for us, O rose garden and meadow.
Smile for us, O cypress, O iris.
Say, “I love you,”
So the enemy will become blind.

Come and sit next to me like old times.
Move your sweet lips and say,
“Mevlana, I love you.”

I don't know anything. You are the one who knows.
You tell the rest, O beloved.
When I talk, I talk about you. When I am silent,
“I still love you.”

173.

Verse 2055

Whether it is poison or sugar,
How nice to be in ecstasy.
You look for your hat.
You can't find your head.
How nice to be in ecstasy.

When you were caught in his net
And drank the wine in his glass,
You wanted to go, but you couldn't find the door.
How nice to be in ecstasy.

Why do you get cold and turn into snow?
Be annihilated so you can ascend.
Don't suffer that much
From the sorrows of existence.
How nice to be in ecstasy.

Don't say, "I have been stuck in the net.
The glass of my life is full."
Enter into a new life at old age
And watch your rejuvenation.
How nice to be in ecstasy.

How come you are sober, O brother?
See, the ocean is full of wine.
O non-believer, be Muslim.
How nice to be in ecstasy.

He showed his musk-like hair,
Made that poor ambergris.
What a musk! What an ambergris!
How nice to be in eestacy.

Beloved, come to the garden.
Enter into the circle of drunks.
Every one of them carries a big glass.
How nice to be in eestacy.

Look at that peerless sultan.
He is all over.
He watches all souls.
He is far ahead in eestacy.
How nice to be in eestacy.



174.

Verse 2063

Since you came late and untimely,
At least be manly.
Make five glasses into one,
O cupbearer.

Make a fortress on earth
With the glass of the throne of God,
Then watch endless treasure from the ruins,
O cupbearer.

If I break glasses,
If I cause trouble at the gathering,
Forgive me. I am in love.
Yet, you are sober,
O cupbearer.

When glass becomes glass of soul,
You should watch what kind of wine
That that is going to be. I will tell.
Of whom should I be afraid?
You are also at the house,
O cupbearer.

You step on the mud,
Soul is water, body is like earth.
O cupbearer,
Just like straw from wheat,
Separate water from the earth.

They make mansions by mud here,
But this house
Also comes down by mud,
O cupbearer.

What a nicely tempered sword.
Its name is wine, glass. You are Haydar.¹³¹
Cut the neck of the stranger quickly,
O cupbearer.

You cannot be free and happy
By cutting the neck of the lover.
He has many heads.
Cut the tip of the candle
Like the one who is charged
With arranging the candle at the assembly,
O cupbearer.

I cannot talk when I am sober.
Make me drunk with that beautiful glass
That offers words and beautiful stories,
O cupbearer.

The wine of *Their God gives water*¹³²
Will sometimes make wise one out of the insane.
At other times,
It will make crazy ones out of the sane,
O cupbearer.



175.

Verse 2073

If your insides burn from raw aloe wood,
O cupbearer,
You will smell aloe wood's smell,
Because that smell doesn't go away.

If you burn for one moment,
You will be illuminated by that fire.
You will have God's disposition.
You will have good habits.

When fire reflects inside of you,
Your two eyes become four.
Your face shines
With the fire of longing set aflame.

When your *self* burns,
He will remain.
When everything else besides Him burns,
He will stay.
There are hundreds of suns born from him.

"O devout one," you say,
"I am close to God." Then you criticize us.
In the land of meaning,
There are many people from Mecca,
But they are far away from Kaaba.
They are superficial.

If you drink wine without sediment,
Where is its smell on you?
If you are a man,
Drink a glass of that pure, clean wine.

O double, you have become odd to Him.
You have turned an awning with wine.
You have kept kissing His feet, His ankles.
You have become an anklet on that foot.

You have closed your eyes to mud.
You see the essence of acquired things.
You are in the fire of longing.
That's why you are cooked and mature, O heart.

You don't comprehend this meaning,
Because you sleep in every shade.
You have become double to your own being.
That's why you are odd from eternal odd.

O soul who is freed from bonds,
Those sugar lips have become home for you.
You took off that rough kaftan.
You are free from kavuk,¹³³ kaftan.

If you are the son, mind is your father.
If not, you are a sick raven.
Why are you so far away from your father?
Is it for a purpose? Have you become a rebel?

Sometimes you are angry.
You fall into conflict,
Saying, "I am the doorkeeper."
Sometimes you are frustrated.
You become skin and bone.

A sultan took my heart and soul.
What sultan is he?
In fact, he is hundreds of sultans.
He wouldn't care to doctor me a moment.
He neither gives me medicine nor casts a spell.

When you are afraid and tremble so much,
How can you play wholeheartedly
Against the purity of pearl to coral, and its source
To the sultan of human and genie?

He offered me wine.
He gave me glass after glass.
He closed his eyes
And turned the whole of existence to absence.

O sultan of pillage, I have become insane.
I am utterly confused.
I am bent double with desire to reach unity.
Help me.

I bend double in front of every cross-eyed one.
You solve my difficult business.
You are the beginning.
You are the end.
You are the sea of visions.

What a sea! What a pearl!
What a great sage! What a great hero!
What a divine light!
A shiny, shiny divine light in this land of absence!

It is no wonder I passed out of myself,
After seeing such a light and hearing such a secret.
What do you say?

If Plato could see that,
Even with his mind and knowledge,
He would go crazy.
He would fall in love like the insane.

I wonder if I am a marble or deaf?
Am I at the bottom of the well
Because of my bad disposition and precaution?

But he has a face like the Moon
Has thousands of perfumes and musk.
How could a person who has been withered by love
Fall to his desire?

It is a pity that, instead of giving my life,
I open arms and wings to reach Him.
I flew high, but I lost the kingdom.
I fell from the top to the bottom, like that.

I dreamed one night that the greatest of the great
Told me, "With those vintage wines,
You are with us and, at the same time, alone."

He invents thousands of tales,
Breaks thousands of games.
Even if he makes peace with you, stays with you,
Don't think you become his peer.

You don't think, but you are drunk.
For that reason you don't have much heart
And your hand says,
"Whatever has been done, wine is responsible."
How young you are and how strong with wine.

Wine would melt your mind,
Take away from yourself.
Bring all your excuses,
Because you are immersed in wine.

I saw a shining light.
What a light! Endless brilliance!
"Are you a pearl, O my soul?" I said.
It is not a pearl. You are endless sea,

You are Moon or the pearl of oceans,
Or sun, or maybe narcissus.
You are wine or red raki.¹³⁴
You are just like that in beauty and charm.

O God and faith's sun,
O carefree sultan of Tebriz,
That's what you are.
The beauty of God sent you to the universe
To adorn this earth.

One group of people have lost themselves,
Asking the cupbearer to get up.
Bellies have become like a jar.
Glasses are served every moment.



176.

Verse 2104

Beware of the wine that passes through your glass.
Otherwise you will be wearied.
Even if you have the power
Of hundreds of Hakans,¹³⁵
You won't be saved from God's overpowering sword.

O God's brilliance, you are proof from God.
You are the only one
Who could save us from darkness.

O cupbearer, you kept us away from your assembly.
Insist once, offer the order of intention.
Accept us at your assembly.

Am I not a fish? Aren't you water?
Am I not a lion? Aren't you moonlight?
Am I not poor? Aren't you generous?
Am I not this? Aren't you that?

Am I not dark? Aren't you light?
Am I not mourning? Aren't you the wedding?
Am I not ruin? Aren't you prosperous?
Am I not body? Aren't you soul?

Offer glasses one after the other.
Cut the feet of sorrow's horse. Kill it.
Destroy the mind with soul's glasses.

Adorn the assembly of the kingdom
So that we can curl our mustache.
Caress that joy and pleasure's harp
With beautiful melodies.

At that gathering beauties dance with joy.
Everybody passes out of themselves.
Nobody knows who is first or who is second.

How nice is the love of ecstasy!
Nobody thinks of himself.
Are you behind or ahead?
Is there a slit of sleeve or collar under the arm?
You wouldn't notice.

There is a pearl that keeps shining and sparkling
From the other side of the land of ecstasy.
Someone who has a Moon face and silver body
Appears. He has glory and royalty.

Hundreds of Muftu¹³⁶ make mistakes
When they try to describe one thing
That grows in His garden.
What a garden! What a gardener!

Everybody sees everything, one by one.
They are the way they perceive them.
Suspicious ones cover the pearls and jewels
Of the mine with the lime of anger.
He doesn't care for anything.


It is permissible to be coy with him.
What an eye, what an observation that is!
It is difficult to separate one
From his own close friend.
You know he is very close.

Who is that sultan? Shemseddin.
What a beautiful sultan!
Like a human form separated from Tebriz,
What a beautiful, attractive falcon he is!



177.

Verse 2118

 Surely one day good news would come
From the Beloved's union to the eye that cries
With the love of a beauty
Who gives peace to the heart.

The black of the eye
Which has been crying and mourning
Becomes white at the end,
And the white of the eye becomes dark
And starts seeing.

Jacob of Canaan was crying for Joseph,
Then suddenly received good news
From that beautiful face, that beautiful complexion.

To fall in love and cry resembles stairs.
The one who climbs the ladder
Surely reaches the roof.

When love's friend sees you in ecstasy,
He comes with roasted lung in one hand
And a glass of heart's blood in the other hand.

The kindness of that charmer covers the world
From one end to the other, like an ocean.
The fire of separation is for cooking the immature.

The trouble is, in fact, to trap for trial and training
The soul of the lover which resembles a wild bird.
The beloved's hair is like the trap.

The wild bird becomes tame after he is caught.
His roughness will be gone.
He becomes confident and gains name and fame.

Just like fruit, the heat of sunshine
And the evening coolness caress and ripen it.

Divine wisdom appear
From social upheavals and individual favors.
Turbid water would be purified,
Common ones would be uplifted.

You burn, sometimes with destitution
And the fear of eternal separation.
At other times, you will ascend
With the hope of reaching that unique charmer.

Especially, the trouble of this poor one
Is a fire to burn the entire world,
A flood to sink the universe.
What suffering that is! What desperation that is!
But, sometimes,
That is also the sweet taste in the mouth.

Even if hundreds of arrows came from his side,
I would never change my direction.
I wouldn't take one step aside from the road.

Thank God, I am sunk
Up to my neck in debt to the sultan.
What an auspicious creditor he is.
What a lucky neck is that debtor's neck.

What a beautiful sea of God's favor!
What a beautiful God's sun that is!
It doesn't rise even once in a hundred years,
Never mind year and day.

Soul is coming from the temple of Shems of Tebriz,
The summary of faith's light
The purity of Muslim's essence.

Is it the place for the radiance of Islam?
If a *lam*^{1:17} appears from his book,
Radiance will be surprised
As well as live ones.



178.

Verse 2135

Come, O sovereign sultan,
Sit at the throne of absolute power.
Strike the heart of rinds,¹³⁸ break and destroy them.
You are the ruler of time.

Create troubles from the heart.
Don't stay anywhere but in blood.
Change even the nature of sky.
You are a soul who is in a body made of fire.

Come and show yourself to the sea
Which is nothing but blood,
Neither wet, nor dry.

Show that wine to the rinds at the village.
Hurry, offer the big glass.
You are the only cupbearer for that glass.

Offer the glass to lions and watch them
When their eyes becomes red;
Break reason by one glass;
Intelligence is the sign of incompetence there.

O sultan of sultan, wash the modesty
And bashfulness of lovers with your beauty.
Save them from the worries of name and fame.
It is not proper for lovers
To be concerned with bad names.

I saw universal intellect.
It laid down and raised its neck to be sacrificed.
I said, "How do you submit yourself
In front of this deceitful one,
This talented hero, like Ishmael?"

He answered. "I am sacrificed by the love
Of Shemseddin who turned Tebriz to China.
The moonfaced beauties with new manners
Are all around his great assembly."



179.

Verse 2143

Today a new sultan
Suddenly came to the crazy, insane ones.
A shout raised from the soul of soul's insane.

Among the cries, that sultan recognized my voice.
Because mine has been cleaned from animal voices.

“One insane was freed from his chains,”
The sultan said.
O my sultan, if I am insane,
You are also Solomon to giants.

My sultan, you know the secrets of birds.
You cast spells on giants.
It is proper if you cast a spell
On this insane one too.

One Pir¹³⁹ came to the sultan's assembly
And said, “Chain me.”
In fact, he was going to make lots of trouble
And destroy the assembly.

My sultan said, “This insane
Doesn't accept any chain except my hair.
You don't know him.”

He will break thousands of chains,
Fly toward us, and become
*The one who will return to us,*¹⁴⁰
Because he is the falcon of the sultan.



180.

Verse 2150

In the early morning I said to that Moon,
“I am body, you are soul.”

I am as you see.

Do you know why I cry?”

You are the one who is behind non-belief and belief.

You are riding very fast.

What a fearless sultan you are.

Keep doing what you know.

Come back just once and see the forest of soul.

Look at the trees made with fresh blood,

Just like a branch of coral.

Don't deny decent people.

Be afraid of the ones who care for no one.

Because the patience of the soul of sufferers

Will destroy you.”

You heard.

An immature is calling the name of heroes.

He is not afraid that one of them

May suddenly put a brand on his forehead.

O one who is the enemy of dervishes,

You are sober.

Don't make trouble for the ones who are in ecstasy,

Don't try to extend your arm

Which can't reach them.

Because Shems of Tebriz is sharp
And quick to shed blood
Or to give life with God's power.

;



181.

Verse 2157

○ soul's beauty, why do you run away from us?
You belong to this house, at last.
You know the condition of your slave.

For the sake of my warm tears and pale face,
I am so much attached to you;
Man never attaches to a man like that.

The world is like a dungeon without you,
Even if everybody smiles. It is enough.
Pity that deprived slave in the dungeon.

I am utterly lonely with all my friends
If you are not with me.
My God, no one should be that lonely.

How can I tie your feet so you won't run away?
If you run like our beloved,
You will be lonely with your unfaithful soul.

Even if you surpass nine levels of sky¹⁴¹
And burn seven seas,
I will pierce and pass through those skies and seas.

Even if you climb to the fourth level like the sun,
I will follow you like your shadow.



182.

Verse 2164

Bairam is here, O cupbearer.
Don't you know kindness?
The sultan has slaves.
Go ahead and adorn the assembly of the sultan.

I am your drunk.
I want a glass from your hand.
It is so nice to drink from your hand.
Because wine is the soul, you are also a soul.

Come, O cupbearer, hurt me less.
I am already bored and tired of myself.
Follow the tradition of the one
Who is called a genie; reach for the bottle.¹⁴²

Purify the bottle so much
That I will say, "I am the wine."¹⁴³
You are the one who made me pass out of myself
For the sake of closeness.

I carried the pitcher to the river
With the hope of finding you.
Thank God, I learned
That you were also looking for me.

I am wishing that you would fill the pitcher
With that soul's wine from those secret jars.

You gave one glass; promise one more.
For the sake of your clean soul,
Don't change your mind.

Because you are Elest's¹⁴⁴ cupbearer,
Peace and comfort to the soul of the drunk,
You broke the door of Hayber¹⁴⁵
With the power of the Muslim.



183.

Verse 2172

*A*re you drunk?
Is that why you're constantly shaking the chains?
This increases the yells
Of the insane in the dungeon.
You are making all this world crazy.

Haven't you heard the stories of the drunks
Who have already passed out of themselves?
If you haven't, listen.
I swear by your soul
That you are the garden and meadow.

You know. I don't.
What is this sound that comes from your soul?
I admire this sound.
It is an admiration full of pleasure.

Come on, O drunks,
The ones who have passed out of their beings.
Come on, O ones
Who think of nothing but joy and pleasure.
Come on, O friend,
As you know you are exactly like them.



184.

Verse 2176

You are contemplating leaving us.
But if Kaaba flies away,
Where do Moslems stand?

You are the sultan. You are the protector.
You are He. You are the charmer.
Don't burn and destroy the bird of soul.
You are Solomon to them.

Heaven is secure from all kinds of trouble.
But earth is full of fights and struggles.
The confusion of peace on earth
Is under the influence of heaven.

Earth resembles body.
Sky is like mind and soul.
Because of soul, body becomes fat or lean.

When mind leaves body, body desintegrates.
"I am excused," says body,
"Because you have gone."
You are the one who controlled me.

Your help to soul is reason for the mind.
When you turn your face away from mind,
Mind won't be able to reason.

Joseph became a wolf.
Moses turned into a pharaoh.
When your reins get out of hand,
The one who is in charge at the barn
Changes to the saddle.

Since we resemble a hand, you are mine.
Give whatever you want.
Since we are earth, you resemble water.
Whatever you want to grow, then grow it.

O my master, you can search or not, like a magnet.
You can tell or not, like usturlap,¹⁴⁶ like the scale.



185.

Verse 2185

I will be totally gone out of love's hand,
So you will know.
If I commit some guilt with this drunkenness,
Don't turn your face away from me.

He is wide open in the middle,
While the dust of his trail doesn't appear.
He is the one today and tomorrow; take shelter.
My soul is crazy, insane,
And utterly confused because of you.

My situation became very difficult
Because of that black curly hair
That resembles a chain.
How long will you keep me in the blood of heart?

When I start crying at your temple,
You would fabricate a new excuse.
What a trick, coyness and charm that is!

What an assembly! What a cupbearer this is!
What drunks! What a wine!
What lovers are they who gave their hearts?
What beauty of soul?

At that time the wine of his love
Will make the world of beauty.
The beauty of his face will add soul to souls.

The mastery of Shemseddin
Would come from Tebriz
And change the soul so it could see God.



186.

Verse 2192

Are you heart, or eye-of-the-mind,
Or the holy light that sees God?
Are you that light which increases
The manifestation of God's assembly
Or the moral of the Sun?

Hearts can't stay in their places
When they hear His name.
All troubles are dissolved by the light
That comes from omnipotent God.

I said, "O Sun, make me your companion.
You are the remedy to all troubles,
All troubles would be calmed by you."

He said, "I catch souls.
I step on nine levels of sky.
I seldom come to this muddy world,
Even if I do, I come for only a short time."

As long as you are aware of yourself,
You can't be my company.
Only the poor brave is the one
Who can reach God through Mirac.¹⁴⁷

Outside you look poor and destitute.
But inside your self is strong, overpowering,
Just like an infidel and a hypocrite.
Sit at the crossroads and rob everyone.

Don't try to hide even one hair from that master.
Uncover your head and show it.
He is such a master
That the knowledge of hidden secrets
Is like a pillow under his head.

He is the doctor of lovers.
He seems to be soul to the world.
He melts even iron, makes it soft.

He makes dirt like gold, gives wings to the body.
Even soul without faith
Acquires the light of religion.

Come to His tent, to His corridor
And see His evidence.
Every death has become Vis¹⁴⁸
And turned into Ramin.

O heart, with the hope of his return,
You hear these words from that sultan,
That falcon from Shems of Tebriz.



187.

Verse 2203

How lucky to see that face in the early dawn.
How lucky to kiss the hand of such a sultan
As the sultan of sultans.

How nice to see such a face in early dawn.
It is so good to see such a bright Moon
While the sun is rising.

To see two suns at the same time in early morning!
One rises from the East,
The other one keeps smiling,
Scattering joy at the sky of existence.

How happy is that morning
That he comes
And sits next to the head of the pillow.
When you open your eyes from sleep,
You see that cheerful sultan.

How happy is the day, what a happy moment,
How happy and lucky, what glory!
You find early that hard-to-find charmer.

If he sits with hesitation,
He will melt iron with sorrow.
But if he sits with favor,
He will give mines to every penniless.

The ones who see him at night
Have their night become brighter than day.
The ones who see him at the well
Find that the well becomes a palace.

The sun has the same nickname
As Shems of Tebriz.
Just like the Sufi says, "He is."
He is like hundreds of *He is*.



188.

Verse 2211

Smoke appeared in the meadow in early dawn.
The lovers' hearts resembles fire.
Their bodies are the brazier.

Come, plunge into this fire, this smoke.
There you see one Zun-Nun¹⁴⁹
Burn nicely in every corner.

You shine like a candle.
You are the kingdom.
You are the sustenance.
When you burn time and space,
Timelessness and spacelessness will appear.

No Moon-faced one but you
Could visit the signs of the Zodiac.
It is not easy for every common, inferior one
To save someone who is worse than he.

Go to the sultan singing, dancing
And clapping your hands like a falcon.
You will see a sea full of blood.
Its waves move gently with coyness.

You see such roses, tulips and sweet basil
Grow from that garden of blood.
You see soul wash his hands with soap
And disappear.

When you enter that cellar
Where there is neither door nor window,
If you own one needle like Jesus,
He becomes a curtain to you
Because you are the treasure of Karun.¹⁵⁰

But if you became the Harun¹⁵¹ of absence
Because of the secret of Hizir,¹⁵² like Moses,
You will be able to see that sultan
Who is devoid of shame and faults
And kiss his hand without mouth or lips.

Such a person is calm and sleepy
Cascades with white caps like a wave
And plunges into the sea of the ones
Who have lost all their belongings,
Then discovered abundance in absence.

You become so drunk when you look at the sultan
That it's like you swallowed
A thousand batman¹⁵³ of opium.

Your soul drips sugar when it sees Shems of Tebriz,
You are in two places at the same time.
You are in Egypt and, at the same time,
Out of Egypt.¹⁵⁴



189.

Verse 2222

Islam became Muslim
After seeing those infidel hairs.
Come on, old Muslim, come and become a guest.
Become a guest.

You give joy to the heart of faith.
What master of masters are you?
You are the Islam of Islam, the faith of faiths.

You are the soul's eye to soul's eye.
You are truth to the truth,
Light to the light of secrets.
You are life to the soul of souls.

If the help of your kindness
Didn't shine in this world,
The roof of this sky would collapse;
It would be shaky.

Your name and fame are beyond these two worlds.
How dizzy are the heads of souls, how confused.
How much they are in doubt.

I have been looking for a model
From both worlds to tell you about,
But have been unable to find one, O my master.
You are also not telling me.
Really, who do you look like?

I have stayed away from all remedy.
I don't want to cure my trouble.
I want to die being your loyal follower,
Because you are the remedy of all remedies.

O my bleeding heart, fly toward Tebriz.
If you stay anywhere,
Recall the name of Shemseddin.

O bright Moon,
What an amazing influence your attributes have.
It makes even crying clouds smile.

O Majesty, why run away?
Why are you shy of this lover?
You will be reached by the favor of the sultan
Who puts his foot down.



190.

Verse 2232

Tercî-Bend

You are an amazing cypress,
An amazing ruby, amazing coral.
You are an amazing body, amazing mind,
Amazing love and amazing soul.

You are the amazing favor of spring,
Amazing master of the hunt.
What do you have on your eye?
How do you move your lips?
What do you have on your tongue?

You are such a sweet amazing halva,¹⁵⁵
A master without sorrow and regret,
An amazing great Moon
That makes the sky whirl.

You are more amazing than amazing things.
You know all the secrets.
You are saved from evil.
You are the master of remedies.

You are beyond the limit of sweetness.
You know everything like Akl-i Kül.¹⁵⁶
You will resemble God's judgement
On the back of anger and grudges.

What a divine beauty,
The light and candle of every house.
What a wise master!
What a divine sun!

You give such nice wings to those who are lame,
Such cheer to the depressed ones.
All sultans are slaves, like servants.
You are the real sultan.

The one you hurt will find a new life.
He will be scattered a hundred times by your love.

Half of the world keeps laughing,
The other half is crying,
Because you are the honey of honey,
The poison of separation.

Love's mouth smiles, love's eyes cry.
The halva that mouth eats is very sweet;
The other one is hidden.

Fan the heart and soul.
Relieve the squeezed, scattered heart.
Make the dungeon a rose garden for the souls
That have been kept in the dungeon.

If this key doesn't open the cellar,
I will bring another key with terci.
I will illuminate there.

You are the place where the flag
Is mounted at camp, O beloved.
You are the sultan of sultans.
The beauties are only the ones
Who write your imperial cipher.

You are the essence of charm and sweetness.
You are the one who sets love's table.
In fact, who could cook this halva,
Besides that master halva maker?

Even if you burn this world to ashes,
If you scatter this sky to earth,
Everybody would still be content,
Because they know that you will be the one
To adorn it with hundreds of colors.

Now the universe is decorated by colorful flowers.
Because of your arrival,
East put henna on its hands.

Come and sit next to me,
So I will smile like I used to and say,
"The essence of joy and taste shines again."

Laughter is like cash money
Because of the glory of such a rose garden.
Who has the most smiling face, you or I?
But who am I? You are the master.

You are the rose garden.
I am a nightingale.
Everything is in your hand.
I don't have anything.
Come, hundreds of uproars
Have started at the top and bottom.

You are perfect. I am incomplete.
You are right and straight.
I am the one whose essence is honest.
You are a feast.
I am the one who dances. I am ordinary.
You are great.

When you came, duality goes away.
All plans and measures
Scatter and disappear.

O my Moon face, you become us,
We become you.
I wouldn't know who is who.
You are the sugar.
You are the one who chews sugar.
Chew. You chew so well.

O beloved, you keep your word.
There is no time limit to your giving.
Your beautiful gifts and offers
Are not by installment or time-bound.

O my beauty, give honor to our heart
With the third tercî.
Have the wine cup turn around.
Make all hearts just one.

Greetings to you, O peasant.
What do you have in that granary?
Why are you traveling alone?
What are you sowing in this plain?

What a beautiful-faced sultan you are.
The one who sees your face
Will become agile and fly
Even if he is the Uhut mountain.¹⁵⁷

You are telling me something.
What are you saying?
It must be good words.
Your disposition is also good.
You are making your guests happy
And scratching the heads of your drunks.

O cupbearer who is devoid of fault and shame,
You come sometimes like a spy,
Sometimes you ask the health of the sick,
And sometimes you crush grapes.

In order to get along with the immodest,
You give up modesty.
Sometimes you retract all this.
Who knows what business you are in!

Greetings to you, wonderful one.
God save you from evil eyes,
That stature, that Moon face.

Greetings to the one who is longing
For the sultan, that hakan.¹⁵⁸
Endless greetings to the one
Who repaired those poles.

What a sultan he is. What a sultan!
He is the joy of the soldier.
What a Moon he is.
What a Moon on this blue sky he is!

See the new guest?
Go, put a golden saucepan on the fire.
Cook a meal if you know how.
If you don't,
Be a rabbit on the mountains and plains.

If you do neither this nor that,
Go and sacrifice yourself.
If you can't do this either,
You must be a carcass.

Be silent. Don't cast a spell.
You don't have the taste of the drunk.
O soul, you have no taste, no smell.
Neither are you a neighbor of the salt mine.

I have reached such a desert.
Existences grow there.
Nothing else but drunkenness fits there.
There are only drunks over there.



191.

Verse 2268

That beauty keeps saying, secretly,
"Give me soul. Give me soul.
What is this slowness?"

Be Kalender¹⁵⁹ for a moment.
Submit yourself to Kalender.
Be Semender.¹⁶⁰ Plunge easily into the fire.

Plunge into the fire. Plunge into the fire!
Walk about and enjoy our fire.
Because fire becomes a rose garden to Abraham.

Don't you know that our thorn
Is the sultan of sultans to roses?
Don't you know that our blasphemy
Is the essence of Islam?

O fearless one, O fearless one,
Don't hesitate. Don't hesitate.
O Muslims, O Muslims, be Muslim.
Be Muslim.

My God, as you know,
The plain is better than a cage.
But the raven can't resist the cemetery and ruins.
He wants to go there.

Today is the day of glory for the soul.
Opportunity came; he drinks fearlessly.
What a beautiful, glorious day this is.
What a beautiful circle of friends.
What a royal time this is.

Be silent.
In fact, the poor's wine drinking is not secret.
Divine light is shining on his face.



192.

Verse 2276

I heard that a Kurd
Had lost his camel in one valley.
He kept looking for that camel
Everywhere in that valley.

When he couldn't find his camel,
He laid down next to the river with sorrow.
His heart was full of regret for his camel.
His thoughts were confused.

Night came.
He went and slept in the barn.
He woke up at midnight, his heart full of grief.
He saw a Moon-like ball shining in the sky-like club.

What did he see
When he looked under the moonlight?
The camel was standing on the road.
He started to pour tears
Like April showers with his joy.

He turned his face toward the Moon,
"How can I describe you," he asked.
"You are beautiful and good.
You are charming and bright."

"My God, here in this corner,
Do a favor and increase Your brilliance.
Increase that man's mind,
Be able to find what he has lost."

There is the night of Kadir in your soul.¹⁶¹
Why don't you appreciate it?
He keeps exciting you in every breath,
Why don't you make him exuberant, too?

He made you insane and crazy,
Took peace and decision from your soul.
He suffers from your soul's sorrow and cruelty.
Why don't you take him to your soul?

He is the one who gives.
You are the river.
Why don't you search yourself?
He is musk. You are smell.
Why don't you press yourself?



193.

Verse 2285

○ Joseph of Egypt,
Sail the ship of union to this black sea.
Sail that ship to reach the master of Canaan.

It is such a ship that this sea
Has acquired eyes and vision from it.
The sea has become enlightened
By the light of that ship.

And also, it is not the light for a slave or servant.
This light deserves a sultan's beauty and honor.

When that ship travels on the sea of greatness,
He becomes soul to soul with the love of God.

When that ship appears,
A dust rises from the sea.
All troubles go away.
Ease settles down on everything.

What easiness is that?
Every hair in the lover's body,
Will start dancing on that sea.

But only soul's eye can see the smile of soul.
Only head's eye can see the smile of the body
Which is made by earth and water,
The four elements.

If you want to see proof,
To see with the eyes and hear with the ears, listen.
There are traces from his nakedness
In the curves of his dresses.

But what will you do with evidence?
You are submerged in the world of senses.
Go ahead. Vegetate at lust's pasture like animals.

Provided that, favors of the greatest of the great,
Shemseddin, to whom everybody
Becomes a slave and servant at this temple,
Breezes like the wind
And saves you from the anxiety of Satan.

Out of all those symbols, ships and sea,
You understand only that sea of God.
Don't try to make up other things.

Once you understand that,
Prostrate toward Tebriz.
Thal soul will be able to find him
With the grace of God.



194.

Verse 2297

What has happened to your oaths, your promises?
You don't say anything.
You don't look for the one
Who looked for you wholeheartedly.

Why don't you show your face
To that broken-hearted one
Who washed his face with his blood?
Why are you ignoring him?

I turned to be like your eyelashes
That resemble arrows.
I became straight and flat in front of you.
O eyes of my fortune,
How come you are crooked to me, like eyebrows?

How sweet a torturer you are!
You kill the lover with cries and tears.
That lover comes to tell you,
"How kind, how nice you are."

I have seen all the gazelles
Running away from lions.
Yet, O heart, you are searching for that God's lion.
Only God knows what kind of gazelle you are.

O heart, you are weak.
But you make the beloved's quarters your home.
If you are really asking about me,
I am tired from soul as well as body.
Yet, congratulations, you belong there.

Run nicely in the presence of the sultan.
Sometimes ascend to the sky.
Sometimes fall in the ditch.
Strike from him, service from you.
He is a club. You are the ball.

O heart, I searched thoroughly,
I found nothing but the Beloved in you.
O heart, if I say you are Him,
Don't call me *infidel*.

When I am out of myself, I become Him.
That's why I am crazy for ecstasy.
But when I come to myself,
I am at this side. You are there.

Be silent.
In the final analysis, the situation is like this.
There are those who don't speak the same language.
One says, *I am Turk*; the other, *I am Hindu*.



195.

Verse 2307

Come, O wise musician, be kind and generous.
Read one fiery poem among those poems.

For the soul of heroes, read whatever you want.
What are you looking for from this confused one?

O beauties,
Learn about a luminous face from his face
That resembles the moon,
His love that constantly searches for beauty.

O people of India,
Learn about Hinduism from those black eyes
And that long hair which is folded three times.

O my Harut-Marut,¹⁶²
Learn magic from his eyes
That throw arrows and make magic.

O friends, O one who became His confidant,
He looks so much for heart.
Learn how to catch and search heart
From his ruby lips that add soul to souls.

All the world cries because of you.
Why do you cry?
You haven't lost one hair.
Why are you mourning?

I will be sacrificed to the pigeon
Who flies over your roof.
Where are you, O stately dog,
Who is the master of that quarter?

Since that precious time came,
Why shouldn't you indulge in drink and pleasure?
Since that soul's master came,
Why don't you search the woods?

O gazelle,
Why are you loitering in this valley, in this trap?
You lost the pearl at home.
Why do you run to every ruin?

Every day you have been finding
A new room at that house.
You are not one floor, O soul.
Search and find out
That you have a hundred floors.

Be either curse or faith,
Be either love or hate.
See Him. Know Him.
Know very well that you are with Him.

This story ends here. What can I do?
At this moment, the cupbearer of drunks
Grabs my neck saying,
"If you say more, I will choke you."



196.

Verse 2325

The love of that beauty has pulled me out
From academia and reading the Koran so much
That I have fallen in love
And become crazy and insane, just like that.

I used to go to the mosque
To throw myself on the prayer rug with zeal.
I used to cover myself with the dress of devoutness.
I was adding good to goodness and worship to
worship.

Love entered the mosque.
“O enlightening Hodja,” he said,
“Why have you been stuck in the place of worship?
Break your bondage of existence.”

Don't be scared of the wound my sword opens.
Your heart won't jump.
Put your neck to the ground.
Put it there if you want to have an inside view,
More than just knowledge.

If you are a rind¹⁶³ and fearless, be graceful.
If you are a beautiful charmer,
Why do you stand behind the curtain?

The beauties have no other choice
But to show their faces, to appear.
The beauties cannot stand without coyness
And making up their faces.

Sometimes they fascinate reason
With their beautiful faces,
Make themselves impatient.
Sometimes they become Jesus with their eyes
And give health.

Sometimes the beauty gives God's rope
To the believer with his hair.
At other times, he offers the cross to Christians
With his curls.

If you have ever seen your own beauty,
Understand that it is much better than the sun.
You wouldn't either fade or wither
And decay in this gray dungeon.

Why don't you rejuvenate
With the spring of heart?
Why don't you smile
Like a rose and crushed ambergris?

Why don't you ferment like wine
And overflow in the jar of this world
So your exuberance can lift the sky-colored top?

Your Jacob has been deprived of the lightning
That comes from your face.
O Joseph of beauties,
Why do you waste time at the bottom of the well?

O ignorant one, see your own beauty.
See the splendor of his soul.
Because at the time of loneliness,
One faithful is the mirror to the other.¹⁶⁴

Earth sees all the hidden treasures
Inside of himself in the face of the garden and says,
“What beautiful things I have in my heart.”

The stones see hidden things inside
Of the ruby and emerald and says,
“What did I have in my heart?”
And rises.

Black iron sees his heart in the mirror,
Then says, “I can be illuminated,
So I should try to be pure and clean.”

When ones who have been annihilated and gone
See that their place is taken by others
Who were annihilated,
They go to the temple of existence
And wait to exit again.

If the fly knows all his potential;
If he works hard, he can be a phoenix.
He wouldn't land on every piece of dried dung.

If a Sufi becomes the son of the present,
He won't become tomorrow's lazy.
The one who is a fool and idle
Is the one who leaves today's work for tomorrow.¹⁶⁵

If you are a man, not a catamite,
Sit among the beauties.
Make a habit of hanging around with lovers.
O friend, don't be inconstant.

O fish, why do you turn your back to the sea?
Turn to the sea. You belong to the sea.

Hear the voice of *come back*¹⁶⁶
And reach Ab-i Hayat.¹⁶⁷
Plunge into the water and walk nicely there.
Why do you stay in the mud?

You sacrifice your soul,
Your heart with your own hand.
Neither heart nor soul are left.
You went someplace with your own feet.
Now, you keep chewing your hand.

Be gold under the sun of eternity.
Don't bother with any other gold.
Although your face is like silver,
Gold's love will make you pale and withered.

The world keeps asking,
"Why do you become my servant?"
You are the son of the sultan,
I am the one who deserves to be a servant.

The sea keeps telling you,
"It is nicer if I carry you.
Instead you become the porter,
The water carrier trying to carry me."

Be silent.
I used to keep talking like you.
I relaxed when I kept silent.
If you listen to me,
Be silent and you will be happier.



197.

Verse 2347

That sultan asked me, softly,
“O lover, I wonder if you will come
To the temple this year?”

I acted like I was deaf so he could say it once more.
I put my hand to my ear just like I was saying,
“I am hard of hearing, say it once more.”

Maybe that essence of beauty will say it once more.
One has to be blind not to act deaf
At a moment like that.

My sultan understood my game,
He smiled and said,
“Tell this to some crazy one or a tramp like you.”

I shook my head once more,
Like the deaf, brought my ear close to him.
“Are you crazy?” he asked,
“You have become obstinate.”

Since I had pretended I was hard of hearing,
How could I answer him, what excuse could I give?
All the doors were closed because of that.

I looked at his doorkeeper, expecting his help.
Then he asked him my name.
He said, “Silly fool, one of the insane lovers.”

I looked once more to the doorkeeper.
I meant to say, "You are a pupil at this door,
Your face is as deceitful as his face,
Make him talk once more."

The doorkeeper blinked his eyes
And meant to tell me, "You don't know him.
A tricky one would be in shame at his temple."

Don't cheat. That halva
Becomes stuck in your throat
And boils you.



198.

Verse 2357

Muslims, Muslims, I have a pillager Turk.
He breaks the row of lions all by himself.

When he moves his bow, sky's heart jumps.
Moon and Venus
Have fallen to the ground in fear of him.

For people, his name is love.
For me, he is *soul's trouble*.
But he is such a sweet trouble
That there is no way to be happy without him.

When he shows his face,
Neither blasphemy nor darkness remain.
When he scatters his hair,
Neither faith nor Christianity remain.

Your soul kept telling you to be silent.
If my soul has patience,
I am already tired of that.

The insane has no choice but to chew his chain.
If you also chew chains,
Good for you, good for you.

Tell the secrets, O insane one.
Why are you afraid of the sane?
Tear your dress, O sky.
Why do you wait for resurrection?

If the earth is too small for love's fly,
Go to the Kafdag of closeness,
Because you are the phoenix.

If you want to tell the truth,
Offer me the glass of bravery.
If you want me to see the road,
O eyes, O sight, come inside.

If you want to enlighten the universe,
Increase the light of the world,
All your body should turn into fire.
Like the sun.

If you want the sun of suns to accept you,
You have to melt and disappear
Like the circle of the moon.

If the house is not clean
And you are bored, get up and go.
If your heart is tender,
Don't hang around with fools.

If you wear our mantle,
Fall sometimes in this confused love.
Sometimes fall from love to disorder,
At other times, get out from both and disappear.

It is much better, black-faced Indian,
To give up Turks.
Because to work and play wholeheartedly
Is for Turks; to serve is for the Indian.

Thank God that I am a servant
To that Moon-faced Turk.
He is so beautiful that beauties of the sky
Get their beauty from him.

I called him Turk, and love kept laughing.
In fact, he is the one who blew,
Because we are the ney.¹⁶⁸
He is the one who plays the ney.

The helpless ney can't make any sound
Without the breath of the one who plays the ney.
Go to the cemetery
And watch all those broken neys.

The breath of the one who plays the ney
Has ceased.
There is no life, no talk left.
Their circumstances say silently,
We and I are all gone from us.

Come to yourself, be silent.
Don't put more wood on this fire.
Because I am afraid this fire
Will spread to the top.



199.

Verse 2386

Why don't you look at the garden
Where the fountain of life flows?
Why do you act strangely towards us?
You have belonged to us from the beginning.

O my soul, you are a baby parrot.
Don't hurt me. Don't be coy with me.
Know this very well:
You are the one
Who brought the habit of chewing sugar.

Come back to your home.
Don't be afraid of your own reflection.
Quit thinking in a crooked way.
He is the stranger, he is temporary.

Come, O pillager sultan, don't go anywhere.
You are ours. Even if you are bitter to others,
You are like halva for us.

Is it light's fault if the blind doesn't see it?
Is it sugar's fault if someone
Who is inflicted with diabetes condemns sugar?

Raise your soul from the earth,
See the soul in the sky, O my soul.
Moon is turning for that reason.
So is the dome of the sky.

Step on the stairs, open both eyes nicely.
In order to develop your soul, waste your body.

My tree is full of fruit.
You see it neither dry nor wet.
You sleep, are comfortable
Under the shadow of that tree.

You see an amazing spring when you sit next to it.
You take its color.
For kindness, joy and beauty, you become like him.

You cannot separate yourself from Him.
You become something
And, at the same time, nothing.
The words of *where* and *when* come to an end.

When you merge with the source,
Shems of Tebriz will appear.
In order to adorn the universe,
His face is seen like the Moon in water.



Verse 2387

My friends, my friends,
 Tell my situation to my master.
 Tell him, "He says troubles cover me,
 They are going to kill me."

My friends, my friends,
 I have a soul who has fallen in love.
 Sorrow and grief have fallen
 To my head from above like a flood.

Tell him, "He says, O my master,
 O freshness of the world, if you want me to live,
 Look at me so I will come back to life.

My friends, my friends,
 Give up my heart because I lost my heart
 To the wave of a sea with that thought.

Love open his mouth and tells me clearly,
 "You won't be able to feel relief
 Unless you come and see me."

O friends, O friends,
 Tell the one who gives work, that it is all over now.
 Everything has gone out of my hands.
 He'll give me some new work.

O cupbearer, make me come to life.
Offer wine so my longing will increase.
Nothing will remain with us
Except the image of the beloved.

My friends, my friends,
Hold my hand, I am drunk.
I don't know the road to that beautiful beloved.

Cupbearer, offer wine, make me drunk
So I won't have any thoughts.
If you don't have pure, clear wine,
Mix it with my trouble and offer turbidwine.

My friends, my friends,
Take me to his quarters.
Put me on the ground.
That dirt is salve and sight for us.

O generous cupbearer, offer that monk's wine.
Offer it so we don't know who comes and who goes.

My friends, my friends,
Tell the soul, "He says
That you hold friends at the line of thought."

Cheer me up with spiritual melodies.
Let me hear the sound of strings.
Sing with beautiful voices, let me hear.
Your songs are the most beautiful, clear songs
I have ever heard.

My friends, my friends,
Because of that delicate, graceful pipe player,
Exuberance comes to the quarter
Of delicate, graceful people.

Tell him about Tebriz,
Describe Shemseddin to him.
Tell him he is the master of masters
And has all my greatness.

My friends, my friends,
Try to say in farsi that it is not right
To eat sugar alone at this gathering.



201.

Verse 2403

Never mind telling
About the past and present of soul.
Lower your head from the heights.
It is time for joy and drink.
It is time to adorn the assembly.

In front of the command of your kindness,
What's the value of our sins and faults?
Nobody's skirt remains weft
As long as you are our sun.

Come inside, O our throne, our crown,
Throw out all our belongings.
Burn whatever you want to burn.
Order whatever you want to order.

Even if You burn and destroy
All the garden of Akl-i Kül,¹⁷⁰
Still You set and grow thousands of gardens
From the imprudent, from insanity.

A lover becomes disgraced
By hundreds of tricks and deceit on this side.
You make him disgraced on this side.
But, you adorn him on the other side.

Didn't You give the sparks of jewels to water?
Didn't You offer green dresses
To every piece of earth?

Haven't You filled the world with people
From the breeding of one person?
Aren't You the One
Who gave the honor of the phoenix
To one ordinary fly?

One of the doctors pointed out a medicine
To a blind man and said,
"Take this and put it on your eye as salve.
It will open your eyes and bring light to them."

"O my brother," the blind said to the doctor.
"If I could see that medicine like you can see it,
My eyes would be open
And I could see everywhere."

What favor is this, that you keep pouring
On the rose garden as well as the cemetery?
What kind of light are you
That you come to normal eyes
As well as to the blind?

If you pour that favor on living ones,
They will fly beyond the sky.
If you pour onto the dead,
They will come back to life, like Jesus.

You make dirt and a carcass food to the raven.
How did that raven know the taste
That the parrot experienced while eating sugar?

What did the green parrot say
That you made sugar food for him?
Open our tongue for those words with your favor

Who is that dry-dung acquire eating raven?
The one you made to acquire knowledge
In order to gain earthly position
Besides the knowledge of religion?

Who is that sugar-hearted parrot
That becomes the source of wisdom?
When he starts to talk,
His tongue, like Ahmed's,¹⁷¹ tells God's words.

One beauty in my heart says,
"You had better keep silent, because this word
Will exasperate many sensitive people."

•



202.

Verse 2419

There is no place for double-faced ones
Among lovers.
One who is double-faced will fall into greed
Hundreds of times about tomorrow,
On the day of love.

Double-faced ones have fallen into greed,
But the sultan of soul refused them
And built an iron curtain in front of them,
Like Zulkarneyn.¹⁷²

To be double-faced in front of that face
Resembles looking for dirt in heaven.
A deceitful troublemaker
Doesn't fit the assembly of truth.

He knows the sky of soul,
The branches and their ramifications,
Even the things that flow in the vessels of lions.
He sees and knows all of them with his eyes
So that their lights constantly grow.

He knows all the results.
He sends sustenance to all the truths.
He offers happiness to every peerless valiant.

He lifts the cover of his face.
He shows a sun,
Sends a light to the ruined place.
He refreshes and sets everything new.

If that sultan were double-faced,
He wouldn't have that fiery-natured disposition.
Self's twisted journey would also result
From that search.

But even if he is double-faced,
It is not because of a grudge.
Because he is a mirror.
If there is a grudge
Or if a bad opinion appears in that heart,
They are reflected from you.

Don't try to extinguish that light.
You will stay blind forever.
Don't try to get in a fight with lions.
You are only a fox who is madly in love.

The foxes who get in fights with love
Will have their necks broken.
After that, there won't be any deceit,
No tricks, no double or many-faced.



203.

Verse 2429

○ foundation of knowledge,
Adorn a brand new talent.
Really, you have a clear opinion.
Look for new means, see a new remedy.

So many hearts are sparkling
Like jewels from your ruby.
So many parrots have learned
To chew sugar from your sugar.

You blamed the lover
Because he doesn't have your smoke in his fire.
If he doesn't have fire, you are right.
If he does, what will you say?

Go away, O power-hungry soul.
What can I do with power?
I am here, and love is present with dark,
Black evening and wine drinking.

Come, O friend of my days.
Didn't I tell you in my ear last night,
"Joy and pleasure start smiling when you vanish.
Lose all your belongings
So you will exist, be increased."

O heart, you don't say
Where your deceit and tricks have gone.
You drink wine from soul's hand.
That's why you have no hands, no feet.

O Shems of Tebriz, what pearls
Are you scattering every night?
What kind of soul-sparing person are you?
What kind of sun, what ocean are you?



Verse 2436

Muslims, O Muslims,
I have a soul who is in love.
This love rains on my head
Like a flood from the top.

Muslims, O Muslims,
Because of that delicate, graceful pipe player,
An exuberance is dropped on the quarters
Of delicate, graceful people.

Muslims, O Muslims,
Ask of Soul, "O one who gets the reward,
Why do you keep friends
Beyond the line of thoughts?"

Muslims, Muslims,
Forget my heart.
I lost my heart in the wave of one sea
With those thoughts.

Muslims, Muslims,
Tell the one who orders work
That it is all over now.
Everything has gone out of my hands.
He'll order me other work.

Muslims, Muslims,
Hold my hand, I am drunk.
I don't know the way to that beautiful beloved.

Muslims, Muslims,
Put me over that ground.
That dirt is salve and sight for us.

Muslims, Muslims,
I will say it in farsi.
It is not proper to eat sugar at the gathering.

Come, O Shems of Tebriz,
These talks are like a curtain.
No one is worthy, you are the only one.



205.

Verse 2445

O pure, clean soul,
In the end are you not coming to me?
Soul always comes back to body.
How come you are not coming?

I would give you up
Before You gave up on me.
I cry blood now,
But you are not coming close to me.

How thirsty my soul is
Until April's rain comes.
What a shock you are
That you don't come to this one
Whose harvest is all burned out.

I have been missing that glance
Now that the world has been watching me.
Even if you don't come to protect me,
Why don't you come and watch me?

O necklace of His union,
How beautifully you adorn the neck.
But you don't come to my neck,
I coo like a dove.

Your heart is like stone.
I drag my foot like iron in love.
O magnet, don't you ever come to iron?

Whoever you look at will be saved
From *me* and *we*.
Why don't you come
To this hundreds of batmans¹⁷⁴ of separation?

O spring, if you don't rain,
How can we grow and spread?
You are the place to reside and to be happy.
Since you don't come,
Where shall we reside?
Where shall we be happy?

O light that sees the secrets,
Why don't you shine on this eye?
O clear, talk,
Why don't you come to this stammering one?

I became millet to the bird
That will bring good news
And was scattered to the ground.
O good-news bird,
Why don't you come to that millet?

All the souls are trembling
At this ambush of separation.
Why don't you come to the trap
And give security to them?

O beautiful voice,
Tongue has turned into a freshly opened iris
To praise you.
But, O God's rose garden,
Why don't you come to this iris?

O wine of joy,
You are full of love like the master,
Like a jar of drunkenness.
But don't you flow from the jar?

If there is no loaf of sun at the bottom of my soul,
How come this house is still bright
Without your sun?
You don't come. Why?

O sun, if you don't look for him
From house to house,
Why do you enter in every window
Like a night burglar?

Since His valley of beauty
Is a place of security for the soul,
Why do you stay in fear?
Why don't you come to the secure place?

Break this walnut of body and crush the inside.
Why don't you come to the lamp of love, like oil?

When you become oily water,
You'll find the way with your light.
Don't carry water without oil.
In fact, you don't come without an enemy.

You think yourself valuable, but you don't see
That you stay with what you have.
Why don't you come to the treasure?

I said manifest to me
With Shems of Tebriz's love, like Moses.
Why don't you come by saying,
You can't see from the Mount Sinai of Tebriz?



206.

Verse 2465

Osorrow, leave the heart.
My Beloved's favor is coming.
You also disappear, O heart.
The heart catcher is coming.

I cannot call the beloved *joy*;
He has surpassed joy.
I am even ashamed of joy
Because of the greatness of his love.

Muslim, Muslim, become Muslim
Altogether new again.
Because even blasphemy
Is ashamed by my Beloved
And is coming like a Muslim.

Go, O gratitude.
This favor went beyond gratitude.
Patience is useful sometimes but I cannot endure.
I can't be patient any more.

Go away, O forms.
A brand-new form has come.
He will put your flags upside-down.
That much of too many is coming.
Ample of abundance is coming.

The doors and walls of heart are falling apart.
He cannot pass through the door
Because of his abundance.
He is coming by pulling down the wall behind.



This is the end
of the second half of

Bahr-i Hezec Sâlim

NOTES

1. Yed-i Beyza: The white hand of Moses.
2. Imran: The father of Moses.
3. Haman: Pharoah's name in the Koran.
4. Abu-Harayra: Legendary character who carried food to cats in the of town.
5. ...stone: Koran II-60, XXVI-63.
6. Cehl: Father of ignorance.
7. Consider as Khadis. Firuzan for Khadis-i Mesnevi.
8. Nefs'i Emmore: Koran XII-53: Self causes malice.
9. Reyhan: Sweet basil.
10. ...get more: Koran II-264.
11. Furkan: One of the names of the Koran. Koran III-4,XXV-1. "The Book with truth; verifying that which was before it."
12. Batman: Weights. Measures.
13. Eyaz: Beloved slave of Mahmud.
14. Cunejd, Sheyh Bistami, Sakiyk, Kerhi and Zun-Nun: Famous Sufis.
15. Ceyhun: River in Southeast Anatolia.
16. Kaarun: Legendary rich man.
17. ...his dress: Koran: XXIV-1.
18. Mescid: A small mosque.
19. "Fasting is a shield": Hadis-Cami, II-p.42.
20. Kita: A four-line verse.
21. Samsa: Very special, sweet desert.
22. Telkiyn: Graveside prayers.
23. Haram: Religiously forbidden.
24. Uzerlik: Rue seed.
25. Coreotu: Seeds of Nigella Sativa.
26. Shihabeddin-Guyande Menakib-al Arif-Eflaki-T. Yozacu V.1 p.124-242. Name of husband of Mevlana's daughter Melike Hatun.
27. Medrese: Moslem Theological school.
28. Fulaneddin: A random name.
29. Akinci: Menakib-al-Arifin Eflaki-T. Yosigi

- VI, p.605 (Someone Eflaki mentioned. We know very little of him. He has Medrese on his name at Konya.
30. Hizir: Legendary person reputed to arrive and help in time of need.
 31. Abi-hayat: The water of life.
 32. Vettin: Koran XCV.
 33. Ya sin: Koran name of chapter XXXVI.
 34. ...increased: Khadis-Cami V. II-23.
 35. Telkiyn: Graveside prayer.
 36. Arsh and Fersh: Throne of God.
 37. Mescid: A small mosque.
 38. Kaftan: Robe of honor.
 39. Kulah: A conical hat.
 40. Lebbeyks: "At your service."
 41. Seyir-seyan: Excursion-outing.
 42. Abu-cehil: The father of ignorance.
 43. Kadir: Nights of power. The nights when Koran is revealed to Prophet.
 44. Ridvan: Name of the angel at the door of heaven.
 45. Zemzem: Fountain of paradise.
 46. Job: Koran XXXVIII-42. Job. Fountain.
 47. Vis and Ramin: Characters in Indo-Persian mythology.
 48. ...obey: Koran II-285.
 49. Bulamac: Thick soup.
 50. Cave: Ebubeker.
 51. Arsh: The throne of God.
 52. Haman: A bath house.
 53. Medyen: Name of old city.
 54. Yagma: Name of Turkish tribe. It also mean to pillage or sack.
 55. Kipcak: Turkish tribe.
 56. Van: City in Eastern Turkey.
 57. Ebed: Eternity in the future.
 58. Ezel: Eternity in the past.
 59. This verse is not in the Konya edition.
 60. Savul, savul: Get out of the way.
 61. ...back: Koran XII-26.
 62. ...people: Khadis-Mavsuat p.62, based on

Koran LI-56.

63. One day Mevlana was passing through the bazaar and heard the sounds from Selahaddin's goldsmith store. He started dancing Sema and said this poem.
(Mankib-ul Arifin- T. Yozici, p. 429-430)
T. DK – Ankara.
64. Cemsid: Name of legendary king in ancient Persia.
65. ...sputum: Ahtat-i erboa: Old belief that these four elements make health.
66. Akl-kül: Universal intellect.
67. Nefs-i kül: Particular intellect.
68. ...come back: Koran LXXXIX-27, 30.
69. ...squint: Koran LIII-17.
70. Suheyl: Star in Ursa Minor. It shines in the sky of Yemen. The old belief is that the light of this star makes stone agate, and leather absorb the paint.
71. Tai'f's: Name of city famous for its leather.
72. Left side: Unlucky side. (Old belief.)
73. ...women: Koran XII-30, 31.
74. Bairam: Religious holiday that comes after Ramadan.
75. Ramadan: Fasting month.
76. Muezzin: The one who calls Muslims to prayer.
77. ...fasting: Koran II-184.
78. Shirin: Husrev & Shirin: Characters in Persian love story.
79. Kulah: Conical hat.
80. Macun: A paste for illness.
81. Calinos: Hypocrates, a famous doctor.
82. Guyabani: A djinn of the desert.
83. Hizir: A legendary person who was reputed to arrive and help in critical moments.
84. Frenk: Reference to crusader.
85. ...help of God: Reference to crusader.
86. Sencer: Mythological Persian king.
87. Keykubad: Mythological Persian king.

88. Zemzem: Sacred well at Mecca.
89. Mahmud of Gazne (d.1030): His name is remembered by his loyal slave Eyaz.
90. Burc: Sign of the Zodiac.
91. Nemrud: Name of mountain al Anatolia.
92. David: Koran XXXIV-10, 11.
93. Firedevs: Eight paradises.
94. Zal & Rustem: Zal is the father of Rustem. Rustem is a power symbol in Persian mythology.
95. Basbug: Leader.
96. Silahdar: Guard who carries a sword on his shoulders.
97. Akl-kül: Universal intelligence.
98. Aaron: Brother of Moses.
99. Kaarun: Legendary rich men.
100. Kantar: Measure of weight. About 120 pounds.
101. Ashb-i Kehf: One who hides themselves with their dog in a cave, slept many years.
102. Mirac: The prophet's ascension to heaven.
103. Mashallah: What wonders God hath willed.
104. Kharezm and Gor: Sultan'ul Ulema-Bahaddin, father of Mevlana, mentioned in this that Maarif, Sultan of Gor, came to transoxia in 1203. This territory was conquered by Kharezm in 1212. That put Mevlana's birthday before 1207. (Golpinarli.)
105. This verse and the four previous verses are all in Arabic.
106. Rum: People of Asia Minor. Denote white and beautiful.
107. Sagrak: A big wooden cup.
108. This and the previous verse are in Arabic.
109. This verse is not in the Konya edition.
110. Nesrin: Special rose.

111. Ze: Zer-gold. "I will turn into gold. I will be pale."
112. Ri: Letter in Arabic alphabet.
113. Rika-nesih: A different style of Arabic writing.
114. Calinus: Hypocrates, the father of medicine.
115. This verse is in Arabic.
116. Burak: Legendary white horse on which the Prophet ascended to heaven.
- 117cave: Koran IX-40.
118. Zulfekaar: Famous sword of Ali.
119. Sencer: (d. 1157) Ruler of Irani Selcuks. Symbolizes a great sultan here.
120. This verse is not in the Konya edition.
121. Elif: First letter of Arabic alphabet.
122. Ashab-i Kehf: Seven sleepers.
123. Hafiz: Remembering the Koran by heart.
124. Abi-hayat: The legendary water of life.
125. Akl-kül: Universal intelligence.
126. Beyful Mamur: Kaabe.
127. Kafdag: Legendary mountain. For Sufis it symbolizes the human body.
128. ...down: Koran XIV-24.
129. Ayran: Buttermilk.
130. I love you: These repeated words in the poem are written in Greek.
131. Haydar: Lion, brave. Surname of Caliph Ali.
132. ...water: Koran LXXVI-21.
133. Kavuk: A triangular hat.
134. Raki: Popular drink in the Middle East.
135. Hakans: Rulers of Khans.
136. Muftu: Muslim jurist.
137. Lam: In archaic script; Koran II-19, "Every child has a congenital disposition to religion." (Cami II, p. 79)
138. Rind: A jolly, unconventional humorous man, a Sufi.
139. Pir: Founder of an order of dervishes.
140. ...return to use: Koran II-155. "And we

will most certainly try you, with some what of fear and hunger, loss of property, lives and fruits; And give good news to the patient." Koran II-156: "Who, when a misfortune befalls them says, "Surely we are Allah's and to Him we shall surely return."

141. ...nine levels: The old belief was that the sky had nine levels: (1) Moon, (2) Mercury, (3) Mars, (4) Sun, (5) Venus, (6) Jupiter, (7) Saturn, (8)"signs," and (9)"Atlas" sky.
142. ...bottle: The old belief was that the bottle and genie went together.
143. ..the wine: Reference to the poem of Ibn Abbad (d. 996.) "The glass came so thin, the wine reached such elegance, and it looked like there was only glass, no wine."
144. Elest: "Am I not your God?" Koran VII-172, 173.
145. Hayber: Name of the fort where the Prophet gave the flag o Khalif Ali, who broke the door of the fort to use it as a shield.
146. Usturlap: An old astrological instrument.
147. Mirac: Ascension to heaven.
148. Vis, Ramin: Indo-Persian mythology.
149. Zun-Nun-I Musri: (d. 859) Famous Sufi who lived in Egypt.
150. Karun: Koran XVI, 76-82.
151. Harun: Brother of Moses.
152. Hizir: Koran XVIII, 65-82.
153. Batman: Weight measure. 2-10 kgs.
154. Sugar at that time came from Egypt.
155. Halva: Sweetmeat.
156. Akl-kül: Universal intellect.
157. Uhut: A mountain near Medina.
158. Hakan: Khan, ruler.
159. Kalender: A Sufi branch.
160. Semender: A legendary animal that lives

- in fire.
161. Night of power: Kadir, the 27th of
Ramadan when the Koran was revealed.
 162. Harut-Marut: Koran II-102.
 163. Rind: A jolly unconventional humorous
man.
 164. ...the other: Khadis-Cami, V. II p. 170.
 165. ...for tomorrow: A Sufi is not a slave of
the future and is not bound by restric
tions of the past. A Sufi does whatever is
required of the present.
 166. ...come back: Koran LXXXXIX-27-30.
 167. Ab-i Hayat: The water of life.
 168. Ney: A reed flute.
 169. Every odd numbered verse of this gazelle
is in Arabic.
 170. Akl-Kül: Universal intellect.
 171. Ahmed: Koran XLI-6. One of the names
of the Prophet.
 172. Zulkarneyn: Koran XVIII, 83-86.
 173. This gazelle and gazelle 63 seem the
same, but written by two different
people. (Katib-ul Esrar.)
 174. Batman: Measure of weight.



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The world is nothing. We are nothing.
We and the world are nothing but dreams and images.
Even fact is like that.
We still keep struggling.
If a person who is asleep knew he was sleeping,
He wouldn't be afraid of his nightmares.

Mevlânâ Celâleddîn Rumi

Divân-i Kebîr Volume 16

Gazel 151, Verse 1782